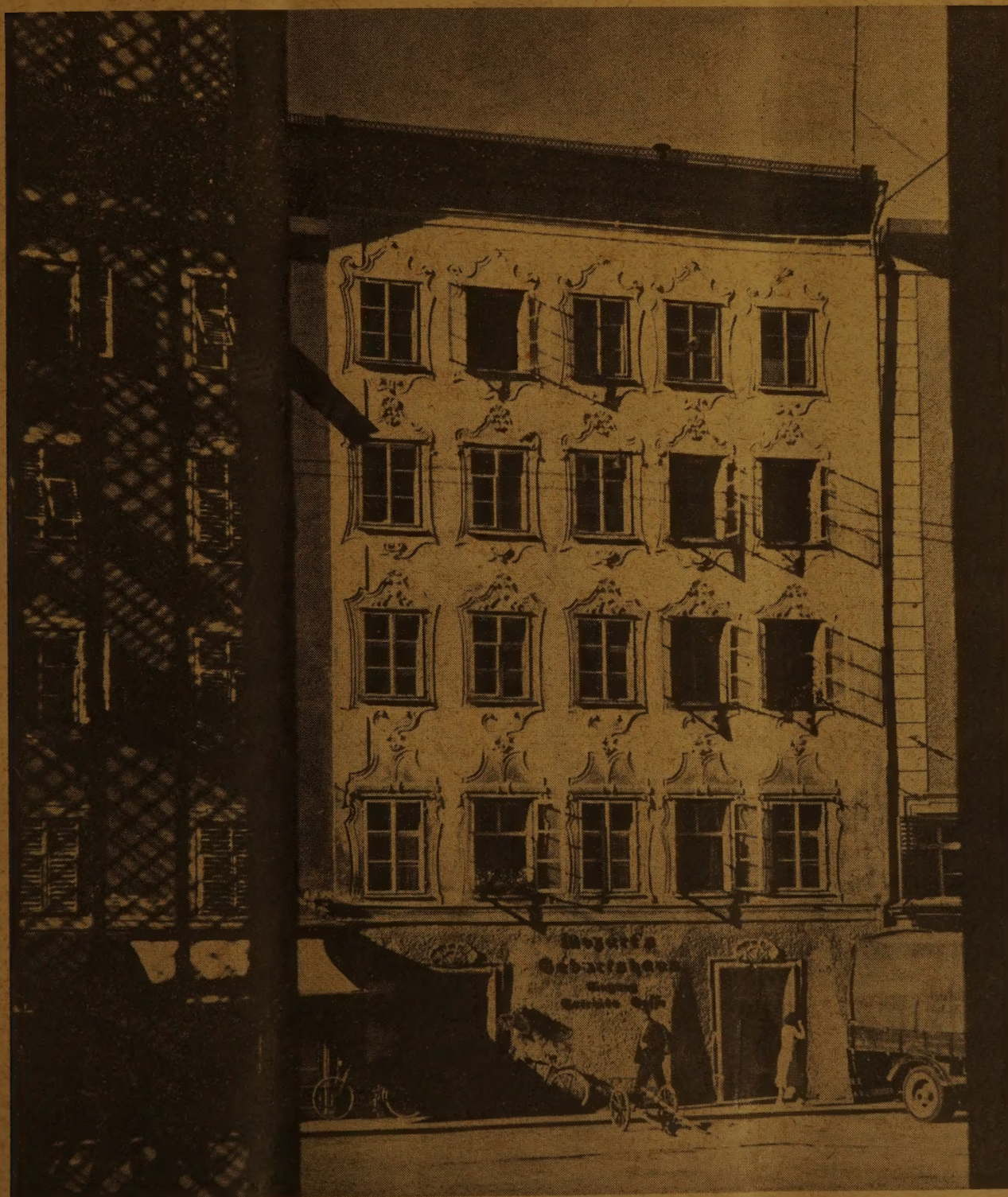


The Listener

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The house in Salzburg where Mozart was born on January 27, 1756. (Michael Tippett's reflections on Mozart are on page 135 and a poem written by W. H. Auden for the bicentenary is on page 137)

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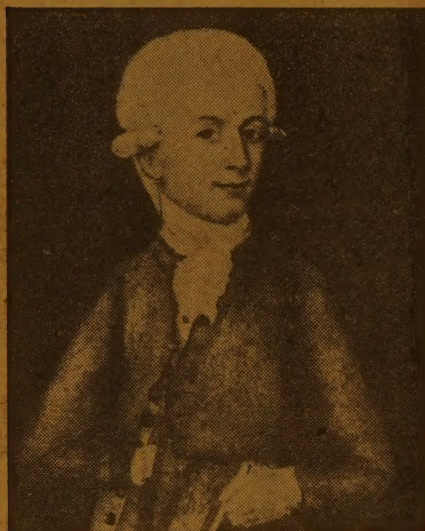
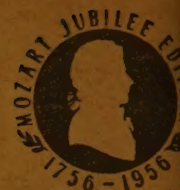
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The Younger American Painters of Today (Meyer Schapiro)

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Party Discipline in the House of Commons

By ROY JENKINS, M.P.

IN 1952 a back-bench member of parliament asked the Prime Minister: 'Can we have the Whips off for the vote?' Sir Winston Churchill replied that the division would be conducted within the traditional framework of discipline which had made parliamentary democracy workable.

He meant that the Government Whips would be on, that there would not be what is called a 'free vote of the House', and that members would be required to vote in their party lobby or else incur the risk of disciplinary action. Most people, if asked whether they liked this system, would probably answer 'no'. It would be much better, they would suggest, if the individual member were always free to act in accordance with his own unfettered beliefs. But the same people, if asked whether they wanted strong and stable government, would probably answer with an equally emphatic 'yes'. If they were in any doubt, they would take one look over their shoulders at the state of French politics, and have their minds made up for them.

Yet these two instinctive desires are, I believe, in direct contradiction to each other. The whipping system, which appears to some people as a tyrannical device for reducing the private member of parliament to the status of lobby-fodder, is in fact an essential and time-honoured feature of our two-party democracy.

First of all, who are the Whips and what do they do? In the Conservative Party the Chief Whip is always appointed by the party leader. In the Labour Party he is appointed by the Prime Minister when the party is in office, but elected by all the Labour members when it is in opposition. In addition there are eight or ten assistant Whips on either side. They are all members of parliament. Once appointed they are responsible for the organisation of the business of the House, for telling members what debate is expected on what day and at what time, as well as for the more controversial task of maintaining party discipline.

In the exercise of these functions the Whips do not act as independent potentates. They are the agents of the party leaders—and the authority they possess derives from this fact. What does this authority amount to and within what limits is it used? First, there is virtually no restriction—save that imposed by the rules of order of the House—upon a member's freedom of speech. A Whip may sometimes suggest—particularly to a Government supporter—that silence would contribute more to the advancement of business than even the most eloquent speech; but he cannot enforce his view, and if the member to whom this advice is addressed chooses to ignore it, he is free to say exactly what he likes, however damaging it may be to the interests of his party. There are few examples of members being disciplined by their parties solely for the words that they have used upon the floor of the House.

But deeds are regarded as more important than words, and the same freedom does not extend to voting. The right to abstain, when a member is unhappy about his party's decision, is fairly generally accepted. In the Labour Party, which is historically the more closely disciplined party—largely because of the trade union tradition of full loyalty to majority decisions—this right is nominally confined to matters of conscience. Conscience used to be defined in a very narrow way so as to include little beyond questions touching religion and alcohol. Today the phrase is more widely interpreted. In the past few years members have abstained with impunity on subjects ranging from British Guiana to local authority loans.

A deliberate vote against one's party is a more serious matter—particularly in the evenly balanced parliaments of 1950 and 1951 there was always the danger that it might involve the defeat of the Government—and it is as a result of such action that the possibility of disciplinary measures usually arises. Even so, these measures do not by any means automatically follow: disagreeable interviews and reiterated

warnings are a more likely result. But if the person concerned is a persistent offender he may have the Whip withdrawn, which is equivalent to his being excluded from the party, either temporarily; or, if his actions suggest that he is moving wholly out of sympathy with the party, permanently. The force of this punishment, particularly if it is permanent, lies in the fact that it almost certainly precludes the member from being returned at the next general election. When it was used against four Labour members late in the parliament of 1945 they were all overwhelmingly rejected by their constituents at the 1950 general election. It has not since been used, except as a temporary warning, although a Conservative member who in the 1950-51 parliament fell into dispute with his party on a wide range of foreign policy questions was quickly persuaded to resign his seat. A by-election followed, and the desired result was achieved still more expeditiously. This case was exceptional, however. There is no power in the hands of any party official to exclude a member from the parliament which is currently in existence. Whatever he may do, a member cannot be prevented by his party from serving out the length of a parliament to which he has been elected.

The Road to Government Office

More important than these direct punishments are the vaguer sanctions which the Whips command. Other things being equal, there is no doubt that a member who gives consistent support to his party is more likely to get political promotion than one who does not. The easiest, most direct, and most frequently travelled road to government office is via faithful and convincing support of the leaders of that Government; few of those who were active in the 1953-54 Suez revolt, for example, despite considerable ability in some cases, have achieved office in the subsequent re-shuffles. Even so there is plenty of experience to show that this is not the only road to office, and especially to very high office. The careers of Lord Randolph Churchill, of David Lloyd George, of Stafford Cripps, and of Sir Winston Churchill all show that there is an alternative although more hazardous route.

Furthermore, there are many members of parliament who are not much interested in political advancement. In some cases they never have been, in others they have abandoned their earlier hopes. Whatever the reasons, they constitute a large and noticeable element over whom the Whips have comparatively little power. By no means all of them make use of the independence of their position. Many are as naturally loyal as they are politically unambitious. But amongst the others there are some who would have been independents when it was still possible for a man without a party label to be elected to parliament; and who today fulfil many of the functions of the old independent member.

It would, therefore, be a great mistake to see modern parliamentary parties as regimented bodies of men cowering under the authority of the Whips. This authority has without doubt increased somewhat over the decades. All four of the Governments in which Mr. Gladstone was Prime Minister, for example, were defeated in the House of Commons as a result of large-scale defections of their own supporters. Such an event would today be most improbable. It has not in fact occurred since 1895, although in 1940 the small majority—but not the defeat—of the Chamberlain Government brought about its resignation and the formation of the coalition. But this tighter modern discipline does not preclude either important behind-the-scenes back-bench pressure upon the Government or occasional public revolts by a few individuals—not, of course, pushed so far as to endanger the life of the Government.

Nevertheless there are some who regard even the degree of party discipline which does exist—I do not mean what is often wrongly imagined to exist—as an unreasonable interference with the rights of the individual member. Why should he not be completely free to make up his own mind on every question and always to vote exactly as he wishes? This point of view clearly has great superficial attraction. It is in line with the tradition of the unfettered representative and the high-sounding phrases about his role which we owe to Edmund Burke. But it is, I believe, wrong. It is based upon a number of misapprehensions.

In the first place, there is no possibility of the individual member making up his own mind on a great number of the issues upon which he is called to give a House of Commons vote. They are too many and too complex. On some he can easily form a general view and on others he will have his own expert knowledge. But on many, perhaps most, of these questions, the sheer complexity of modern parliamentary business gives him no alternative but to follow the lead of his political

friends; and the Whips provide the machinery by which he may know the direction of this lead. Mr. Vernon Bartlett, who sat as independent member for Bridgwater for eleven years, and who as such had no Whip to help him, used to find it necessary to abstain from the ordinary run of divisions. He just did not have time to find out what they were about except on the major issues. But the House of Commons policemen, unused to such difficulties, pestered him so much with well-meant reminders that there was a division on, that he took to hiding while a vote was in progress!

The second misapprehension concerns the theory of the pure independent representative, owing allegiance to nobody but himself. This cannot be carried too far without making nonsense of democracy. Electors, when they cast their votes, are at least as interested in choosing between two rival national policies and two rival claimants for the position of Prime Minister as in choosing between the candidates for the representation of their own constituency. This has become increasingly the case in recent years. The decline of the public meeting, its partial replacement by wireless and television, means that the party leaders intervene much more effectively in every constituency than they used to do. Modern Prime Ministers have clearly won recent elections in a more personal sense than Disraeli, who did not once appear outside his own constituency of Buckinghamshire, won that of 1874. This being so, it is highly desirable, if the wishes of the voters are not to be perverted, that a member should be subject to some form of party discipline. It is not unreasonable that it should at least be made difficult for a member who has been elected by those who wish to support a government of a particular colour to act in such a way as to produce an entirely different result.

Thirdly, a system of whipping and of the corporate responsibility which that implies often results in more honest voting than if individual members were left to fend for themselves. Freedom from the Whip does not mean freedom from all other pressures. This is clearly seen when, on certain issues outside the normal run of party politics, such as divorce or Sunday opening, a free vote of the House is allowed. A member is then subjected to the full force of organised pressure groups. A small, determined, and vocal minority who are opposed to some measure can make themselves far more felt than a majority which is favourable but diffused. And it is often difficult for a member to ignore a well-organised but narrowly-based campaign. Members often vote more in accordance with their judgement and their conscience when the Whips are on than when they are off.

This third argument can be further developed from the contrast between British practice and that which prevails under some other systems. In France it is always difficult to get deputies to vote a Budget. They dislike the unpopularity of levying taxes. Two months ago they were equally loath to vote a new electoral law. Often, it is suggested, the deputies know that what they avoid doing is necessary and desirable, but they hope that other people will provide the majority and that they themselves can avoid the odium of doing something which may be right but unpopular. Under the British system there is neither the hope nor the need of shuffling off responsibility in this way. A whipped vote means that duty is made clearer and that there is the certainty of being sustained in it by nearly all one's party colleagues.

In the same way corporate action makes it far easier for a member to take a national rather than a purely local view of politics. Log-rolling—the excessive promotion of sectional over national interests—is much more a vice of American politics, with its loose party discipline than of the more rigid British system.

Effective Teamwork

The last and most important defence of the Whips and of the power they exercise arises out of a view of the purpose of politics. This, most people would agree, is the achieving of results rather than the striking of attitudes; and results can only be achieved, under a parliamentary system, through effective teamwork. This in turn means a willingness to work with others of a broadly similar outlook, to temper one's ideas to theirs, to accept compromise, and loyally to apply the majority decisions of one's colleagues. Without a general readiness to do this, it is difficult to play an effective part in the politics of a two-party parliamentary regime. These are not absolute rules; there may from time to time be issues on which a man may feel so strongly that he cannot and should not obey the normal rules. But on these occasions he ought not to complain if he has to run the gauntlet—usually the rather mild gauntlet—of party discipline. A martyr should not expect his crown to be too comfortable.

The Self-conscious Germans

By TERENCE PRITTIE

A FEW years ago a British daily newspaper conducted a short examination of the behaviour of German tourists in Britain. It discovered that their behaviour was extraordinarily good. The Germans paid their bills with a good grace, were polite to hotel staffs and tipped well, and ate their food uncomplainingly. Apart from the occasional incident of a German wife opening doors for her husband to pass through, the national daily noted only one curiosity about the German visitors to Britain: they tried, in conversation and sometimes even in hotel registers, to pass themselves off as Dutch, Swedish, or Swiss—anything, in fact, but what they were.

I believe that the Germans are going through an era of national self-consciousness, primarily because they know that the outside world is watching them with all sorts of feelings—with a brotherly and even protective interest, with real admiration but with a suspicion which has never disappeared since the war or even sensibly diminished. Thinking Germans understand this. The editor of one newspaper wrote recently that this suspicion would go on as long as basic problems remained unsolved. He named three causes of suspicion: west German rearmament, the opening of diplomatic relations with Moscow, and the west German quest for reunification. All three are relevant. No one knows what sort of army will be produced in western Germany. True, there is a desire in some quarters to make it 'democratic' by abolishing goose-step, jack-boots, and what the Germans call *Kadavergehorsamkeit*, or obedience up to the very moment that one becomes a corpse. The Germans will have no trouble in dealing with unessentials. Goose-step and steel heel-clickers have gone. Troops can wear civilian clothes off-duty. Officers have been deliberately made to look less formidable by being dressed in a kind of commissionaire's double-breasted jacket.

All this is useful but not final. When the selection board appointed to approve candidates for high posts turned down four of them, there was a howl of protest. Mere civilians had no business to meddle with military matters: they should be forced to give their reasons—a proposal which the board countered by pointing out that this would end their practice of hearing evidence in camera. Most Germans may want a new kind of army; it is doubtful if many know what it should look like.

After Dr. Adenauer came back from Moscow the Speaker of the

Bundestag, Herr Gerstenmaier, said in Stuttgart that 'we Germans cannot be too careful in the sphere of international politics'. Germans, he went on, had to live down some memories of Bismarckian policies and the Treaty of Rapallo, and not only Nazi excesses in peace and



Officers in the uniform of the new German army—a kind of commissionaire's double-breasted jacket—receiving their documents of appointment from Herr Theodor Blank, Minister of Defence, last November: on the right is a naval officer

war. This is painfully true. A German historian told me that no German should wonder at the instinctive western reflex of distrust when Dr. Adenauer came back from Moscow. Pre-war Germany sent economic and military experts to Russia, helped to build up its arms industries, acclaimed the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact, passively watched the ponderous assault on the Mannerheim Line, rubber-stamped the rape of the Baltic states, and tried to bribe the Russians with half Poland and Bessarabia to wait for their own destruction.

Many Germans still try to explain these things away with talk of the 'new order' which could have secured Europe against Bolshevism. But more Germans realise that a second supper with the devil would be dangerous. The failure in Moscow and the deliberate slowing down of the return of the prisoners from Siberia were pointers. One newspaper, the *Westdeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, marked out as the greatest peril for 1956 the opening of Russo-German diplomatic relations—since the Russians believed that in this way they could crystallise the division of Germany into two separate states.

Self-consciousness has produced one curious result in the German quest for reunification. Germans have talked a great deal about it, but they have done virtually nothing to make it easier. Allowing for the obvious fact that Germany cannot be united without the approval of all four ex-occupation Powers, German omissions have still been striking. For instance, a 'crusade' for German reunification



The 'goose-step and heel-clickers' of the past: Nazi troops parading before Hitler

was launched eighteen months ago under the title of 'Indivisible Germany'. When it staged a press conference in the summer not one single German journalist attended. During the last two years about 100,000 west German school-children have been given free holidays in eastern Germany as a piece of obvious propaganda. With far greater financial resources, the Federal Government has done nothing. West Germans flocked in record numbers to sunny Spain and Italy last year but almost none holiday in eastern Germany. East German refugees are still cold-shouldered and mistrusted. Proposals by west Berlin business men that orders should be given to east German private firms, in order to arrest the economic bolshevisation of the Soviet zone, are ignored. Yet 30 per cent. of east German industry and 70 per cent. of agriculture are still in private hands. In last month's Bundestag debate on reunification only one constructive proposal was made—that more food parcels should be sent to eastern Germany. This was the measure of German inventiveness over the most vital problem of today.

All these problems do not alone make the German self-conscious, but Germans now have more reason than ever before for being both hypersensitive and egocentric. Some of their worries were well expressed by contributors to a book edited by the secretary of 'Indivisible Germany', Herr Schutz. Thus Professor Heimpel, of Göttingen, spoke of German unreadiness to make material sacrifices, to forget past sufferings, and to forgo the pleasure of 'being right'. Professor Litt had a similar comment, that Germans were adept at putting everything out of their consciousness which interfered with their present way of life. He accused his countrymen of a sort of double life, of a *Geschichtslosigkeit*, which was less a wish to refute historical experience than to keep clear of it altogether.

The 'Man without a Shadow'

Another university don, Dr. Bergstraesser, used another long word, *Achtlosigkeit*, which he considered to be the besetting German sin of failing to appreciate other people's feelings. This is what a contributor to a German daily newspaper meant when he described how, in a train, a German, uninvited, may address a perfect stranger for upwards of an hour on some contemporary problem. Herr Schutz, in his book, describes the Germany of today as 'a man without a shadow' and he has this sombre warning to give:

Which kind of German wants reunification the more? The German who believes in moderation, freedom, and a middle way in politics? Or those Germans on the verges, the left-overs of yesterday and the day before, who look to a future which will bring the nemesis of freedom? It is those Germans who are waiting for the collapse of all forces of moderation, and their hour could come when hope of reunification fades away for ever.

In this same book Professor Ritter of Freiburg pointed out that the outcome of the last war was absolutely conclusive. In 1918 a big majority of Germans thought the result of the war was somehow 'unfair' and could be due only to a stab in the back. This time defeat, as one German said to me, 'stood everyone and everything on its head'. Admittedly Germans learned quickly to call defeat 'the collapse' or even the *Ueberrollung*—which suggests overwhelming by vastly superior forces; and today they simply say 'When the Americans came'. But defeat did mean gutted towns, semi-starving workers, the black-market, and dislocated families. Even today there are 1,500,000 war cripples, 1,170,000 war widows, and 1,200,000 children who lost at least one parent in the war. These facts cannot be blinked.

From such facts sprang a confusion, even anarchy of mind, which was primarily due to utter amazement. This amazement is well expressed by the story of the German general just returned from Russia. He wanted to know about his old comrades, for instance Doenitz. 'In Spandau', he was told. Why Spandau? he asked. Because Doenitz was gaoled as a major war-criminal. 'Ah yes', said the general, 'and what about Speidel?' He was in Paris, was the answer. 'In gaol?' asked the general. No, at Nato headquarters. 'Panza Meyer, then?' He was in Canada, was the answer. 'With Nato, I assume?' asked the general. No, in gaol. 'General Heusinger, then?' He was in Bonn. 'And in gaol, too?' No, was the answer, he was the new German chief of staff. 'In that case', said the general back from Russia, 'I shall leave now and book myself a room in the nearest lunatic asylum; since, if what I have just heard is true, I am stark, staring mad'.

This sort of amazement has produced uncertainties of mind which can be illustrated by dozens of examples. 'What am I to say to my child?' wrote a correspondent to the *Liberal Students' Weekly*, 'after I have explained for years that the very opposite was going to hap-

pen than what has actually occurred? How can I tell him to keep smiling when 17,000,000 Germans still live and suffer under Communist rule?' The policy of dealing with the Russians 'from a position of strength' had failed, he thought, and only an ostrich could pretend that the prospects for Germany were other than bleak. 'What kind of democracy is this?' wrote the editor of the *Mittag*, on the subject of the selection board for high-ranking officers. Either, he thought, members of the board would resign in a huff, or they would stay on and rubber-stamp candidatures of generals-to-be without comment. 'This is what Germans are like', the editor wrote, 'they must have everything or nothing. Usually it turns out to be the latter'.

Strange Confusions in the Case of Otto John

Uncertainty of mind produced the strange confusions over the case of Otto John, which could only have arisen in a defeated country now in the front line of the Cold War. The Minister of the Interior, for instance, declared that John had been kidnapped and at the same time stopped all pay and allowances to John's wife. The chief of the Federal Press Office said that he did not know whether John went east of his own accord and at the same time stated that he was being held in prison in case he should be 'kidnapped again'. The same official said there was a danger of John trying to escape, because he had influential friends in Britain—and could have bitten out his tongue a moment afterwards.

The John case paralysed a German officialdom which was terrified of saying the wrong thing and offending opinion abroad. The same self-consciousness, in a different sphere, has prevented the Germans from making good films since the war. If they had a vital story to tell, it is of their own recent past, with all its lessons for mankind. It has been left to foreigners and *émigrés* to tell the stories of Admiral Canaris and the 'Devil's General'. When the book *0815* was written, its object was to show up the old German army training. As a film it was unsuccessfully burlesqued and descended into futile vulgarity. The recent past is still too hot to handle, and the Nazi legend is still enshrined in memory by such films as 'S.A. Mann Brandt' and 'Hitler-Boy Quex'.

Self-consciousness makes a German with two degrees upset if he is not addressed in writing as 'Doktor Doktor'. It makes other people withdrew on themselves, and I know of the case of one German dentist who rises late, works from eleven in the morning to after midnight and goes home to bed. He does this 365 days in the year, and the only known trouble in his life is that he was not passed medically fit for the Luftwaffe. Self-consciousness produced a strange reaction after western Germany won the world football cup at Berne, and there were subsequently natural, if Teutonic, rejoicings. Almost every major German newspaper felt impelled to admonish this *Überheblichkeit*, or uppishness, and even taxi-drivers and hairdressers thought it their duty to tell every foreigner that Germany won by sheer luck.

The results of a public-opinion quiz I read recently in a trade union weekly were 'truly horrifying'. Of those asked what was the most important event of 1955, 37 per cent. said the return of the prisoners from Russia and 19 per cent. Dr. Adenauer's Moscow visit. But—and it was a mighty but to this periodical—some people, admittedly under 1 per cent. in all cases, named such 'fantastic' events as the Pope's vision, Princess Margaret's decision, the Germany-Russia football match, and Rita Hayworth's latest meeting with Aly Khan. The periodical was appalled by such lack of political acumen, by flippancy and perversity. It blamed the illustrated weeklies.

Lack of Humour

This commentary gives an idea of German over-seriousness, for the answers given on that occasion would hardly have been termed horrifying in any other country. The clue to this seriousness was supplied by another quiz, which showed that 72 per cent. of the Germans think that industriousness is an outstanding national characteristic and 21 per cent. noted orderliness and *Gründlichkeit*, which is a tiresome version of Strafford's 'thorough'. No one at all put down 'humour', and this is fair. Mr. George Mikes, in his entertaining book about the Federal Republic, wrote that he would hold out real hope for the German people when just one of them produced a perfectly crazy and pointless limerick. There is no sign of this happening at present. Instead, the process of needling self-examination is being pushed a stage further. The *Federal Bulletin* has just produced a weighty dissertation on whether the Germans will emancipate themselves from Hegel's teaching that the

state is all-important and whether they might re-embrace Kant's three truths of God, freedom, and immortality. Would Germans equate their intellectual brilliance with everyday life, or would their society remain 'compartmented', with each section isolated from the other and privately disbelieving in it? In one piece of dissection a German writer, Willy Helpach, has found that the root of social uncertainty today is what he calls 'civil militarism'. German officials are abrupt in order to get through more work. German citizens 'go for strolls as if taking part in a competition'. German motorists understand only the one word, hurry.

Prisoners returning from Russia have noticed that no one seems to have any time nowadays for conversation or reflection: life consists in a frantic rush after business, profit, and organised pleasure. The truth of this prompted the Federal President, Professor Heuss, to urge, in

his New Year's message, a real effort to achieve a mental, moral, and intellectual renaissance in Germany which would parallel the 'economic miracle'. He believed that this could begin in the family, which had suffered most from material want and spiritual decline. A new balance had to be struck between earning and living.

Professor Heuss' message is really for our times and not just for the west Germans. Yet it may be singularly appropriate in the Federal Republic at this moment. Sensitive as they are to foreign opinion—in what other country do leading newspapers publish foreign press views daily?—many Germans would willingly bury themselves in their work and forget the problems which still loom threateningly ahead of them. The solution of these problems will need all their talents and all of the sympathy abroad which a strictly common-sense conduct of their own affairs is just beginning to win for them.—*Third Programme*

The New West German Army

By DOUGLAS STUART, B.B.C. correspondent in western Germany

LAST week the sound of German troops on the march was heard again for the first time for eleven years. In eastern Germany the Communists announced the formation of a new People's Army, and in western Germany Dr. Adenauer reviewed a parade of 1,500 new recruits. At a soldiers' club in Andernach, I had a chat with some of the volunteers in this new west German army.

What they told me was this: 'We're mostly sons of former German officers. Service in the armed forces is, in fact, a tradition for most of us. We joined up out of idealism. We want to form the new army on a new democratic basis'. But then I probed a little deeper. 'Yes', they said, 'we realise that by joining up now our chances of promotion are good. But', one young man said to me, 'last year I was earning the equivalent of £800 a year in an export-import firm in Hamburg. Now perhaps I shall be a lieutenant in eighteen months. The pay will be about £350 a year'. Another one cut in: 'I'm a medical doctor, I've passed all my examinations, but I prefer the comradeship of the army'. Then I asked them if their friends in their home towns did not laugh at them for throwing up good civilian jobs and prospects. 'Yes', they said, 'we're called "madmen"'. The captain said to me: 'The matter with the Germans is that they always do things to excess. Fifteen years ago the civilians treated me like a god. I was an officer, and they stepped off the pavement for me. Now they consider me either a fool or a criminal'.

I was particularly struck by the resentment felt by these young volunteers at public criticism of the army. They were at pains to tell me how wide are their interests. 'I like lyric poetry', said one. 'I spend most of my pay on records of classical music', said another. At the same time they stressed that a soldier's life is a hard one. They are proud of the long hours they work, and of the strenuous exercise they undergo. 'What our critics fail to understand', the captain said to me, 'is that we're all in the same boat. If we remain unprepared, the Russians

will attack; then all of us will be working as slave labourers'.

But there are many Germans who doubt the truth of this statement. They are more frightened of the new soldiers destroying political liberties at home than of a Russian invasion. The result is that in western Germany, despite the fact that parliament approved rearmament by an overwhelming majority, a large section of public opinion still resents the army.

A twenty-two-year-old officer cadet took me to one side as I was leaving the soldiers' club. 'You know', he said, 'what will be the happiest day of my life? When I walk down the main street of my home town in uniform, and people look at me as though I were a normal human being, not a freak'.—*From Our Own Correspondent (Home Service)*



Dr. Adenauer, Chancellor of western Germany, inspecting soldiers of the newly formed army, at Andernach on January 20. On his right is Herr Blank, the Defence Minister

GUY HADLEY, speaking in the same programme, said: 'I went over to East Berlin to see the Communist Press Department. To my surprise I was told that a press conference on the People's Army had just begun. So I went along, and put two questions. First, I asked what the strength of the People's Army would be, a pretty normal question in a western press conference, but in this mainly Communist gathering it was greeted with loud laughter. The official spokesman was polite but vague; he replied that there would be as many officers and men as were necessary to defend the East German State.

'Although precise information is hard to get, it does look as if the decision to form an East German People's Army makes little practical difference to the existing position. An east German force estimated at well over 100,000 men has already been in existence for some years under the title of the Armed Barracks Police. We must assume that this force will now be incorporated in the People's Army. There may be some further expansion, but the Minister concerned, Herr Stoph, has said that compulsory military service will not be introduced, and that the People's Army will be limited in numbers, and used for defence'.

The Listener

What They Are Saying

More foreign broadcasts on Mr. Dulles

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company

Mozart in 1956

THIS week, indeed most of this year, we are celebrating the bicentenary of Mozart's birth with a thoroughness and enthusiasm that might have struck our fathers and grandfathers as a trifle excessive. It is true they never regarded him—few people with any taste or culture have ever regarded him—as anything but 'a great composer'; but he did not mean to them what he means to us. To say that is not merely to emphasise the different approach of the different generation. 'Perhaps the Victorians, for one reason or another, held Mozart in lesser esteem than we', says Mr. Michael Tippett in a talk printed on another page. We may safely delete his 'perhaps'. The Victorians did hold him in lesser esteem—and not merely because he composed immoral libretti; certainly not because he wrote lavatory-filth to his girl cousin and his mother, for hardly any of them knew or would have believed that he did so. Even though they adored him as a musician, they belittled him as a musician. To them he was 'elfin' (to use Bernard Shaw's word), above all an exquisite melodist. Mr. Tippett speculates about George Eliot; let us question another novelist—Thackeray. Speaking in his own person, Thackeray's highest aesthetic praise is to liken something to

a tune from Mozart which he seems to have caught out of heaven, and which rings sweet harmony in your ears for ever after.

There, admittedly, speaks the sentimental though intelligent layman. But the professional attitude, if better informed, was not so very different even later. That Eminent Edwardian, Sir Hubert Parry, regarded Mozart as deficient in 'individuality' and 'temperament'; 'his best manner was the best of its kind, but it was not final'. (As if any artistic manner can be 'final'!) And a much greater composer than Parry could speak of the G minor Symphony as a '*griechisch schwebende Grazie*'; where Schumann could so misjudge, we must not smile too patronisingly at Thackeray.

To the Victorians and Edwardians the greatest of all musicians was Beethoven, the heaven-stormer, consciously struggling to say in music things that had never been said in music before. He was obviously profound and inexhaustible; it never occurred to them that music as clear and apparently simple as Mozart's could be profound and inexhaustible too. They would have been astounded to learn that a later generation might find it more satisfying. That many do so is in part due to the labours of a generation of fine critics and devoted scholars—Abert, Dent, and half-a-dozen others—who have opened our minds to Mozart's real greatness, but much more because the art of 'individuality' and 'temperament', the art born of heroic struggle, makes less appeal to us. Nietzsche held that the perfection of Greek art was the consequence of pre-Aristotelian Greek pessimism: a paradox in which the best Hellenists declined to follow him. But there is something in the idea; a pessimistic age turns to an art that is not optimistic but superbly sane, not unemotional but in perfect control of its emotion.

Mozart's best music, as Mr. Hyatt King has said recently, 'though profoundly lovable, remains utterly impersonal and aloof'. Mozart, one may say, is impersonal and aloof as Shakespeare is impersonal and aloof. His operatic characters are never self-projections. He can enter into the minds of a Susanna or a Countess, a Sarastro or a Papageno, a Donna Anna or a Don Giovanni, and create them in music—no librettist ever does more than provide a skeleton for a character—so that they seem to live their own lives. The best of his instrumental works are personal only in so far as the Sonnets are personal; whatever emotion helped to generate them is forgotten as one contemplates their strength and beauty.

MR. DULLES' INTERVIEW granted to *Life*, and his subsequent press conference, continued to attract widespread comment. Many American and other western newspapers remained critical. But the *New York Herald Tribune* was quoted as saying:

Mr. Dulles is firm, and rightly so, in holding to the thesis that the United States must accept risks to preserve peace. But the main point that Mr. Dulles would undoubtedly make is that it was not United States policy which brought this country to the brink of war, but communist imperialism. . . . The continuing goals of American foreign policy, set in their proper perspective, represent a mighty dedicated effort to attain and preserve peace through the collective labours of all the free nations.

From India, the *Hindustan Standard* was quoted as follows:

The offensive posture that Mr. Dulles delights in taking up not only alarms America's allies and antagonises Asian opinion, but also enables the Soviet bloc to make better show of its new policy of friendliness.

Moscow and satellite broadcasts claimed that Mr. Dulles had made it clear that the United States would continue to pursue a 'policy of intimidation', even at the risk of war. His aim, they argued, was to counteract growing trends in favour of settling relations with China; but Dulles had miscalculated: even in Washington there were fewer people willing to balance on the brink of the precipice. Moscow broadcasts gave great publicity to hostile western press comments, and particularly welcomed such comments in the British press. It was stressed to the English audience that the Dulles interview meant that 'the United States has dragged Britain and America's other allies to the brink of the abyss'. East German broadcasts reminded the people of west Germany that Mr. Dulles would do the same to them, now that west Germany was in Nato, one of Mr. Dulles' main instruments in 'his attempts to unleash a third world war'. One east German broadcast made a direct appeal to Herr Ollenhauer to launch a campaign for west Germany's departure from Nato. English listeners were also told that Britain's close links with Nato and Seato might easily land her 'on the brink of war'. A Polish broadcast spoke of the greater need for collective security and a ban on nuclear weapons, in view of 'madmen's dances with a bomb at the brink of the precipice'. A Chinese broadcast, quoting *People's Daily*, maintained that on each occasion which Mr. Dulles had mentioned, peace had not been preserved by United States threats, but by 'the might of the Chinese and Korean peoples' and 'the moral pressure of peace-lovers'. It added:

Facts show that it is of no avail to brandish atomic weapons against the people of China, Korea or Indo-China.

A subsequent article in *People's Daily* was quoted as warning Mr. Dulles that he would be the first to go over the precipice if he dragged the world to the brink of war. Formosa 'must be liberated, no matter what Dulles says'. If he persisted in his 'verge of war' policy, which had caused great discontent among America's allies, his own people would discard him. A transmission on January 18 quoted a Chinese Foreign Ministry statement saying that in view of 'stepped-up United States military activities' in the Formosa area, and Dulles' 'renewed clamour for atomic war against China', it was necessary to make public the course of the Sino-United States talks at Geneva. The statement accused the Americans of 'dragging out the talks', and called on them to cease 'atomic intimidations' and accept the Chinese proposal for reducing tension over Formosa which was an internal Chinese question. On January 21 America issued a statement in reply to these Chinese charges. It said that any agreement the United States might reach with China on a joint renunciation of force must cover Formosa. China's refusal to accept this position, and the continued detention of American civilians in China, were the chief obstacles to progress at the talks in Geneva. The United States was not asking the Chinese Communists to renounce their claims to Formosa, but only for a renunciation of force to obtain their objectives.

Mr. Bulganin's interview with the editor of the Latin American paper *Vision*, on Soviet relations with South American countries, led the news bulletins in a number of Moscow broadcasts, and was also given considerable publicity in satellite broadcasts. According to Moscow radio, the Latin-American countries were welcoming the prospect of new markets and Soviet technical aid, coupled with the pledge of 'non-interference in the domestic affairs of other countries'.

Did You Hear That?

A 'WONDER METAL'

ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO, one first began to hear the name of the metal titanium. Then it was called the wonder metal of the future, but there was hardly any of it to be found outside experimental laboratories. Now, titanium is being manufactured on a commercial scale at the Imperial Chemical Industries plant at Witton, near Birmingham. Aircraft engineers are particularly interested in it because it is as strong as steel and only half the weight. The B.B.C.'s industrial correspondent, BERTRAM MYCOCK, spoke about it in 'Radio Newsreel'.

'Titanium', he said, 'is silver-like stainless steel and has the strength of that metal and nearly all of the qualities that endear stainless steel to the chemical engineer and to the aircraft engineer: it has fantastic resistance to stress and to heat and corrosion. Perhaps most remarkable of all, it is made from an ore which is one of the commonest structural metals in the world. It is found in quantity in Australia, on the North American continent, in Norway, and India. For years, the cost of converting the ore to metal was prohibitive, but I.C.I. have worked out a cheaper and a better method. The process is carried out on Teeside. It produces from an oily liquid grey granules, like a rather coarse meal, and it is this meal that is the raw material of the process at Birmingham.'

'First, the granules are compounded into pellets. In fact, the machines on which this is done began their life making peppermint drops. The pellets are then fed into a furnace of unique design. Titanium is the most wayward of metals. It will combine with anything that comes in its path, so it has to be melted under a blanket of argon gas by electric power in a crucible cooled by water. It is one of the most difficult of all metals to fabricate, because of its intense hardness, and the fact that it tends to foul the cutting tools. I saw ingots being forged under a 1,500-ton press, and learned that the metal is now being rolled into sheets and tubes and rods for various uses, but mainly for use in jet engines for aircraft'.

EARLY AIRCRAFT

The Royal Aeronautical Society is celebrating its ninetieth anniversary, and IVOR JONES, B.B.C. air correspondent, has been looking at some of the society's treasures, in a collection of relics that trace the history of flying in Britain.

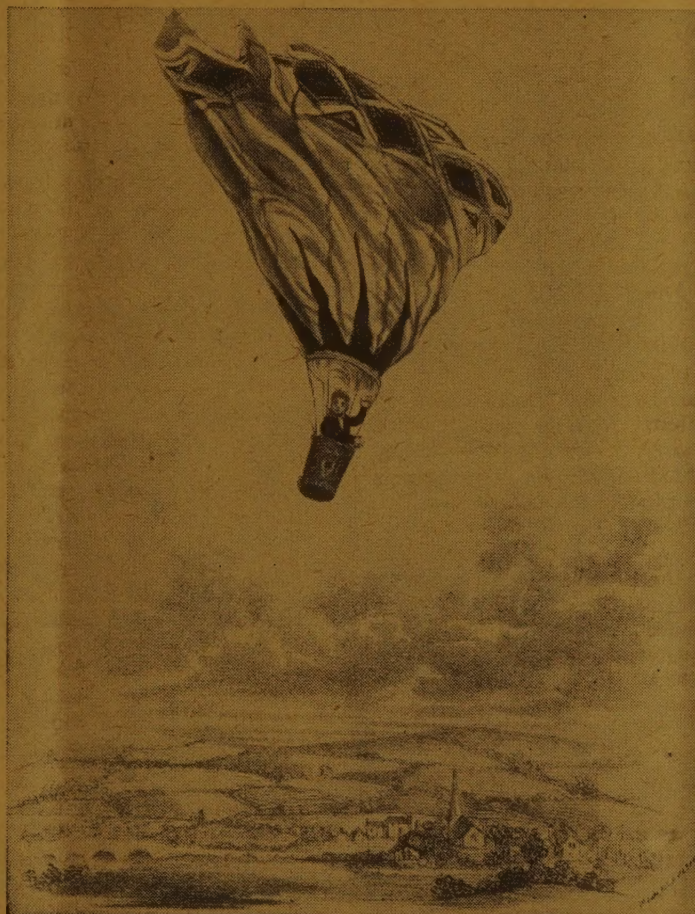
'Probably the earliest real evidence', he said in 'The Eye-witness', 'is a rather

ornate ticket. It says: "Admit one person to the aerial voyage of Mr. Blanchard's air balloon and flying boat, in which two gentlemen will ascend". It dates from 1784. In the years that followed, more and more gentlemen ascended—and a few ladies too—so that in 1836 one Charles Green was issued with the first air passport, also part of the collection. It looks like a diploma, and it was for "A balloon voyage from England to Holland". Mr. Green is described as "an English

aeronaut", and the passport requires officials and soldiers to allow him to pass freely, though how they could have stopped him is hard to say.

'The following year there was one of the most spectacular disasters of early British flying. The victim was Robert Cocking, a parachutist. There are exhibits among the society's treasures, as they are called, telling the whole story. First, a contract between Cocking and the proprietors of the Vauxhall Pleasure Gardens. It says: "He binds himself to make descents as often as the proprietors think proper, and for no other person whatsoever". He was to be paid twenty guineas each for the first two drops, and after that rather more. The document is dated July 21, 1837. Cocking was killed three days later, making a drop from 5,000 feet.

'Old prints in the collection show how this happened. His parachute, looking like a huge inverted sunshade, with a small gondola underneath, was carried up and fastened underneath a balloon. After being released it simply collapsed, and there is a picture of poor, terrified Cocking plummeting down. But there is evidence—even from those days of balloons and parachutes—of the thought that was already being given to aeroplanes. There is a leather-bound notebook that belonged to Sir George Cayley, the father of British aviation. In it there is a sketch of a glider he designed in 1804—the ancestor of every aircraft now flying'.



A print, in the collection of the Royal Aeronautical Society, showing Robert Cocking falling to his death in his parachute in 1837



Charcoal burners removing the top of a kiln

BOOM IN CHARCOAL

'There does not seem much connection between a few kilns in a wood in Dorset and modern industrial Britain in the atomic age', said JAMES DEWAR, in the Home Service, 'but there is a link, and it is an important one. For the kilns there are making charcoal, and charcoal is in greater demand today than ever it has been. Britain's industrialists, like those in other countries, want it to help them make new fabrics and new medicines as well as needing it for the furnaces which produce steel and other metals. In fact, the market for charcoal appears to be boom-

ing, for today its uses are so varied that it can make a filter for an air-conditioning plant or help in the production of plastics. The complexity of the industrial processes in which it is employed is in striking contrast with the method of making the charcoal that I saw.

In a small wood just off the main Sherborne to Dorchester road, two men, the charcoal burners, were hard at work looking after seven kilns. The kilns are circular in shape, and stand about ten feet high. They are made in three parts: a wide ring of iron which forms the base, another circular band which stands on the first one, and a top with a small chimney in it. Indeed, when the whole thing is fitted together, it looks just like an outsize saucepan, but with no bottom and no handle. The men fill up the first ring with wood, and then add the second ring, and pile in more wood. When the kiln is almost overflowing, they balance the lid on top, and this drops into position as the wood burns down.

To make sure of a good blaze, each kiln is made with eight air-pipes and four chimneys, all leading into its heart. The chimneys are makeshift affairs—a firebox and a length of tin piping. And before the last of these is fitted to the side of the kiln, a paraffin-soaked sack is pushed in to light the wood. Then, when the wood is burning nicely and the lid of the kiln has dropped into place, the top chimney is sealed off with a small plate. About twenty-four hours later the side chimneys are removed, and the air-pipes are blocked; and the kiln is then left for another day to cool. When it is cold, off comes the lid and the top band of the kiln, and the charcoal is shovelled out into sacks.

Each kiln holds two-and-a-quarter cords of wood; a cord is a pile of wood eight feet long and four feet wide. Two-and-a-bit of these piles gives about sixteen sacks of charcoal. It is true there are more efficient ways of making charcoal, but this one has the merit of taking the kilns to the wood; and in other parts of Dorset today the charcoal burners have become the followers of the Forestry Commission and the timber merchant, burning the tops of trees cut to make way for replanting. They may use old methods to produce the charcoal and, like the two soot-blackened men I met, know nothing of its final uses, but their ancient craft is still playing a part in helping us forward into the atomic age.

THE ONE-EYED ROBIN

'Postmen know better than to leave letters in my letter box in the spring', said NANCY PRICE in a Home Service talk, 'because for two years tits have made nests there and reared their young successfully. They rarely use my boxes. Instead, a dormouse took possession one year, wild bees another. This year, the blue-tits built three feet down a disused nine-foot water pipe. I noticed they were careful to build lower than a cat's paw could reach. I imagine they must have started the nest by wedging fairly strong grasses across, but how they managed to get the young ones up—well, that remains a mystery to me. This year, I watched with interest a long-tailed tit carrying several bright flowers to his mate who was building: I did not know before that tits often desire a decorated nest.

Both this year and last, a spotted fly-catcher built on the fork of one of my mermaid rose trees, and reared young. I put up a notice: "Please refrain from passing this rose tree—fly-catchers building". It was respected. Most bird lovers have a favourite robin, and I am no exception. My little chap comes and sits on my desk. "Gentleman

Robin, brown as snuff, With spindle legs and bright round eye"—only one, for he lost the other, I imagine in a fight, being, I am afraid, a gay and bold Lothario. This spring he practically led me to his nest, I presumed to admire his wife; but a few days later he again led me unashamedly to a second nest on the other side of the cottage! Last winter I went to stay for a time at a house a mile and a half away. A few days after I arrived there, my robin appeared on the doorstep. I could not fail to recognise him because of his one eye. For six years he has given me his faithful company.

I have noticed with interest that birds sometimes make friends of different species, and one particular robin and thrush always came together to my bird-table: this is unusual, I think, as robins are mainly solitary. Last winter on a bitterly cold day, I became aware that the robin was chirping incessantly on the verandah. I gave him food and drink but he paid no attention and continued. Then he hopped across the lawn in the snow, stopping every now and then. I followed him into the shrubbery. There was the thrush, lying apparently dead. Taking him up, I found his heart beating, though feebly. So I carried him into the cottage and did my best for him with a little food and warmth. Next morning when I opened the verandah door, the robin was waiting and the thrush flew out: they both went off together, probably singing "Hallelujah!"



Model theatre, made by Benjamin Pollock, set for a scene from 'The Silver Palace' at Sadler's Wells in 1834. It is now on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum

TUPPENCE COLOURED

One of the oldest of all children's toys is still popular—the miniature theatre that you cut out from cardboard and set up with little figures. These cut-out sheets were in great favour more than a hundred years ago—'penny plain and tuppence coloured' was the phrase—and there is a collection of them on view now at the Victoria and Albert Museum in South Kensington. They were given to the museum by a retired business man who spent his life collecting them—Mr. Marcus Stone. BARBARA HOOPER describes some of them in 'The Eye-witness'.

'When he was a boy', she said, 'Mr. Stone was taken to see Benjamin Pollock's theatrical-print publishing shop in Hoxton. That was what started him off on this hobby, a hobby that has built up what experts describe as the most comprehensive juvenile drama collection there is. It goes back to the old, coloured engravings of famous actors and actresses in their favourite roles, about the end of the eighteenth century. Then came four figures painted, or etched, together on one sheet, so you have a small scene enacted, say, from "Aladdin", as it was produced at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, in 1813. And after that, further development, several scenes from one play or pageant, on separate sheets. Pantomimes, too, found their way on to the toy theatre sheets. And yet another development: plays and pageants were created specially for the toy theatre as its popularity grew.

Through Mr. Stone's collection you can trace the scenery becoming more elaborate, the figures more realistic; even Elizabethan-looking characters for Shakespeare, instead of the Claudiuses and Gertrudes, like the Prince Regent and Queen Charlotte in their costumes. And, at the same time, you notice the painting is more artistic and the scenery even includes wings for the stage. Finally, you can walk into the next room and see one of Benjamin Pollock's toy theatres lit up, set for a performance of "The Silver Palace", at Sadler's Wells in 1834, with a water pageant on stage, and the little figures mounted on cardboard and wood blocks, all ready to be pushed into position with a tin pusher.

A Time to Recall

Reflections by MICHAEL TIPPETT on the bicentenary of Mozart's birth

I AM going to quote a paragraph from a biography of someone born seven years before Mozart. This is how it goes:

Whatever the stars may have betokened, this August 1749 was a momentous month to Germany, if only because it gave birth to the man whose influence on his nation has been greater than that of any man since Luther, not excepting Lessing. A momentous month in very momentous times. It was the middle of the eighteenth century: a period when the movement which had culminated in Luther was passing from religion to politics, and freedom of thought was translating itself into liberty of action . . . The agitation was still mainly in the higher classes, but it was gradually descending to the lower. A period of deep unrest: big with events that would expand the conceptions of all men, and bewilder some of the wisest.

That quotation is from Lewes' *Life of Goethe*. Lewes, husband of George Eliot, writes not at all as a contemporary of young Goethe and Mozart; but as one looking back to that past from a time when the 'agitation' and 'the deep unrest' had become really violent and profound (though it was to be emotionally held at bay for awhile by the dynamic optimism of the Victorians). We ourselves, who know now that we have moved into a period of global agitation and unrest, are inclined in compensation to think of the middle of the eighteenth century as a period of relative calm.

It seems to me that while we might draw attention, as Lewes does, to the latent philosophical and emotional unrest of the eighteenth century if we were starting a biography of Goethe, we would certainly not do so for a biography of Mozart. Because I think that part of our conception of Mozart is formed out of the knowledge that Mozart died young, and died before that latent agitation and unrest had really revealed itself to be the future. Even in 'The Magic Flute', at the end of Mozart's life, the only opera where philosophical ideas are indeed displayed (and to which Goethe himself wrote a sequel), we cannot find expression of agitation and unrest. We can perhaps find parallels in the prophetic dreams of Rousseau to the ethical idealism of this opera. But we cannot project the evil and violence that was to come on to the Queen of the Night. The figure will not take the charge. 'Whatever the stars may have betokened', writes Lewes, speaking ironically of Goethe's splendid horoscope. More interesting, perhaps, is the strange fact of the prophecy of Nostradamus that 1789 would be a violently decisive year for European history. But no one in the eighteenth century before the 'decisive year' took much account of it, outside the circles of astrology. Certainly Mozart did not. Goethe, indeed, might have done, but more from the side of the mysterious significance of prophecy as such, within the scheme of Time, than from the side of what might happen in 1789 that was to be significant.

There is a poem of Goethe's in which these lines occur:

*Und um zu schaffen das Geschaffene,
Dass sich's nicht zum Starren waffne,
Wirkt ewiges lebendiges Thun*

which can be roughly translated:

*To refashion the fashioned,
Lest it stiffen into iron,
Means an endless vital activity*

That sounds like Beethoven, never like Mozart. There is already present in the Goethe quotation that urge and drive to refashion and invent and overturn, which has gone on till our own day but which

is absent in Mozart. Yeats put the matter in another way, but very well. He writes somewhere, in 'Estrangement': 'Our modern poetry is imaginative. It is the poetry of the young. The poetry of the greatest periods is a sustained expression of the appetites and habits. Hence we invent where they exhausted'.

It is clear enough that Mozart is the last great composer who was able to exhaust a conventional artistic diction, and did not have to invent imaginatively in Yeats' sense at all. So it is possible that part of what we want from Mozart is a compensation. Because we would so like to live in an artistic period where one and a fine style is to be

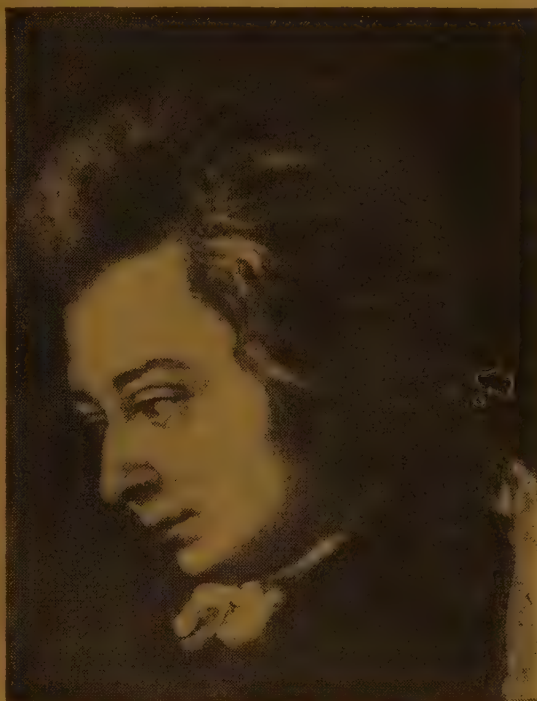
exhausted in a 'sustained expression of the appetites and habits'—but of course Yeats means appetites and habits of a unitary, not a pluralistic, society. We shall not live to see such a period as Mozart's. For although the drive to channel the artistic imagination all into stylistic invention may be slackening, it is no unitary society that is being born. Instead, behind the great façade of Unesco, loom up 'Interrelations of Cultures'. And that means eventually, amongst other things, native African syntax impinging on, say, English syntax; African music on European music. Which latter process has to a certain extent happened through the one African race our forefathers shipped to America, in Mozart's eighteenth century.

In other words, even though we might hope to see in a reasonably near future a more universally accepted musical, or poetic, style, we still cannot imagine this style exhausted by a 'sustained expression of appetites and habits', in Yeats' sense, because the society into which we are certainly moving is an enormous melting-pot of incredibly different appetites and habits and cultures.

'Those whom the Gods love die young': meaning that great beauty of form or great heroism of conduct, say Ganymede or Achilles, is often immortalised, taken up into

the realm of the undying gods, by the immemorial poignance of an early death. Such an idea does not work for, say, Schubert, where we have a sense of incompleteness. It is truer for Mozart, where we have a sense of achieved perfection, made more vivid by an early death. I would not wish him to have lived on to express the turbulence of the French Revolution. And the nineteenth-century views on Mozart's operas, especially those for which da Ponte wrote the librettos, show that the Romantics were well aware in what time Mozart lived; that he was no precursor of theirs; that if he did read 'Werther' (published when he was eighteen) it did not draw him into that climate of opinion which was to flower later as Romanticism. Guizot wrote sometime later: '*Aujourd'hui l'homme désire immensément, mais il veut faiblement*' (Man today desires immensely, but wills feebly). Lewes called this sentence, justly enough, 'an epigraph for "Werther"'. It does not fit the eighteen-year-old Mozart at any point whatsoever. No one would more strongly than he, no one spent less time in vain nostalgias.

Nor does the sentence fit the hero of 'Don Giovanni', or the lovers of 'Così fan tutte'. These operas were a stumbling-block for the Romantics, because the stories did not romanticise love at all. Nor did they enter at any point the world of dreams. I do not personally belittle the Romantics for their opinions of love and 'phantasy'. Their world of dreams was to prove a fabulous cauldron of poetic riches. Nor did the Romantics belittle Mozart, whatever difficulty they had in romanticising the da Ponte librettos. No less than the arch-romantic E. T. A. Hoffmann changed his third Christian name from Wilhelm to Amadeus! The Romantics were as drawn to Mozart as we are, if differently.



Mozart in 1782, when he was twenty-six: a portrait by Josef Lange

For the Victorians, the da Ponte librettos were another kind of offence. Where the Romantics wanted to romanticise love, the Victorians erected a conventional view of love which attempted or hoped to restrict its expression within the marriage bond. Even though Lewes and George Eliot themselves knew that love can be experienced outside marriage, yet was it not really a kind of Victorian love they experienced? They would not have approved (I think that is the right word) of the proceedings in 'Così fan tutte', and still less of the hero of 'Don Giovanni'. Perhaps 'approved' is not the right word. They would not have felt the situations of these operas as being possible at all. (Lewes, be it remembered, attacked Dickens' novels as being untrue.) They would have thought of the plots as literal, and would have had to moralise them away. Perhaps, indeed, the Victorians, for one reason or another, held Mozart in lesser esteem than we. But figures of performances might equally prove that wrong.

Shaw's Interpretation of 'Don Giovanni'

Certainly, with the cruder reaction against Victorian morality, that is with the romanticised Don Juanism of the last forty years, we are as far from the spirit of Mozart's 'Don Giovanni' as before. Nor do we come any nearer to the classical detachment of Mozart's operas with a man of much finer temper—D. H. Lawrence. Perhaps only the late-Victorian George Bernard Shaw, cradled, spiritually, in the Irish eighteenth century, and immune to the romanticism of the Gaelic League, held aloft some kind of Mozartian flame. In 1903 he wrote of Don Juan:

After Molière comes the artist-enchanter, the master of masters, Mozart, who reveals the hero's spirit in magical harmonies, elfin tones, and elate darting rhythms as of summer lightning made audible. Here you have freedom in love and in morality mocking exquisitely at slavery to them, and interesting you, attracting you, tempting you, inexplicably forcing you to range the hero with his enemy the statue on a transcendent plane, leaving the prudish daughter and her priggish lover on a crockery shelf to live piously ever after.

That does not sound at all like our conventional idea of 1903. Indeed, in temper, it seems to reach forward a good half-century. Is it possible that we shall presently re-discover this wonderful prose?

But let us consider a different post-Victorian world: the world of Kafka. Kafka writes:

They describe the poet as a wonderful big man, whose feet are indeed on earth, but whose head disappears in the clouds. That is of course a quite common and conventional lower-middle-class picture. It is an illusion of hidden desires, and has nothing whatever to do with reality. In reality the poet is much smaller and weaker than the average man of society. So he feels the weight of our earthly existence much more strongly and intensively than they do. His song is for himself personally only a shriek. Art is for the artist sorrow, through which he frees himself for a further sorrow.

That somewhat exaggerated statement has, all the same, real experiences behind it, and is sustained by the real discoveries of deep psychology. This psychology made a scientific study of (and I had better use the scientific term) infantile sexuality; that is, of the unconscious consequences of the libido's frustrations during childhood. Then the question was asked: how did the grown-up and normally healthy man sublimate these unmentionable and repressed desires? And how could the mentally sick of them be healed? To Freud, the artist appears just as much as the rest a prey to these unconscious forces. Indeed, he suggests that the artist suffers more from these repressed conflicts than the ordinary person; but, in compensation, that the artist can achieve a sublimation of them, instead of a neurosis, through his art.

Mozart's childhood under his tyrannical father would seem to be a text-book opportunity for the Oedipus complex. Nor do I doubt but that it existed. And in some sense (though perhaps it is not quite so exact a sense as the psychologists think) Mozart's art is his sublimation. But the interesting thing is that we cannot gain any insight into Mozart's unconscious conflicts from his music, in the way that Kafka's prose seems actually made out of his neurosis, and Schönberg's music very possibly out of his. Clearly the archetypal situations affected the eighteenth-century artist as much as they do all of us. But for the expression of them in an art of personal predicament, that mysterious thing, the Time, was not ripe. We must admit, therefore, that however much we may feel we have now a special relation to Mozart, we are not the Man, with a capital M, whom Mozart had in mind when he composed. Nor are we any more his apparent antithesis, the heroic revolutionary Man, or Woman of 'Fidelio' and the Ninth Symphony. We certainly have

been for quite a long time Kafka's Man; that is the Man for whom God is the guilt-ridden neurosis. And if, schooled by Sartre, we are now to wear this God like a flower in the button-hole, are we yet any kind of Man to whom a modern Mozart, were there one, might speak?

Only a little while ago there appeared an article in a national newspaper called 'The New Puritans'. The article sought to draw some conclusions about the coming generation from the examination papers of a large group of university scholarships. Leaving the scientists aside and considering the answers only of the arts specialists, the article suggests that these answers 'imply that these eighteen-year-olds are not sentimental, they would like to be taken as hard-headed'. The fair tales of the German romantics are dismissed as sickly. Music exists in its highest form as pure abstraction, without the aid of programme notes or 'pretty pictures'; Stravinsky is right: 'music can express absolutely nothing'. The didactic function of drama is emphasised; the exploration of the emotions is played down or treated as 'psychological'.

I find that interesting and revealing. With such a temper Mozart should be justly appreciated. Though perhaps 'The Rake's Progress' even more. Yet I do not myself believe that the real revolution of our time, the discovery of invention of the Unconscious, has by any means run its course. Let me quote the following:

For example, since 3 is a male number and 4 a female number, the sum of the two expresses the complete being, that is a double being, partaking of both sexes (every being having two souls, one of either sex). This indicates that the true unit is composed of a couple. But this couple, although complete, cannot be perfect unless it possesses the primordial Word, the promoter and Monitor of Creation; and this Word is represented by the figure 8, that is the couple seven with the addition of the One.

That sounds like Professor Jung discussing the value of alchemy to modern dream interpretation. But it is not so. It comes from a scientific essay published by Unesco on 'The Problem of Negro Culture', and it appeared first in 1953. To read all the other essays of this Unesco publication is to put the examination papers of the Cambridge candidates into perspective.

Yet the strangest fact of all is that the religious ideas of the Doge Negroes could have appeared easily in 'The Magic Flute'.

—Third Programme

In the spring of 1764 Leopold Mozart arrived in London with his two children to give concerts. Wolfgang performed before King George III and Queen Charlotte, but by the following year public interest in 'the prodigies of nature', as the boy and his sister were advertised, began to wane, even though admission to their concerts was offered at reduced prices. Before they left London the family visited the British Museum, to which a motet, 'God is our Refuge', was presented. This is said to be Mozart's only setting of English words and was composed when he was nine. In connection with the bicentenary of Mozart's birth, the British Museum is holding an exhibition in the King's Library consisting of nearly 250 items associated with various phases of Mozart's life and work. An illustrated booklet, *Mozart in the British Museum*, has also been published by the Trustees, price 3s.

Respite

Now that your flowers are dead—
The stately foxgloves that rose up
In every corner,
Heavy dark-eyed poppies,
Tall tapering hollyhocks neat trimmed
With carmine rosettes;
The laden raspberries
Dead too
Cut down and burned—
Contentment begins to come back
To my heart, in the garden.
Not yours the aureoled sunflowers
The Michaelmas daisies,
Bronze and white chrysanthemums,
Their tawny earth smell
Brings me no grief;
Nor have you part in
The red pear leaves
Or the cherry's fluttering gold.

CLAUDE COLLEER ABBOTT

Metatalogue to 'The Magic Flute'

In Memoriam, W. A. Mozart, b. January 27, 1756

To be spoken by the singer taking the role of Sarastro upon the conclusion of his aria: 'In diesen heiligen Hallen'

Relax, Maestro, put your baton down:
Only the fogiest of the old will frown
If you the trials of the *Prince* prologue
To let *Sarastro* speak of the Metatalogue,
A form acceptable to us although
Unclassed by *Aristotle* or *Boileau*.
No modern audience finds it incorrect
For interruption is what we expect
Since that new god, the Paid Announcer, rose
Who with his quasi-ossianic prose
Cuts in upon the lovers, halts the band,
To name a sponsor or to praise a brand:
Not that I have a product to describe
Which you could wear or cook with or imbibe;
You cannot hoard or waste a work of art;
I come to praise—but not to sell—*Mozart*,
Who came into this world of war and woe
At *Salzburg* just two centuries ago,
When kings were many and machines were few
And open Atheism something new.
(It makes a servantless New-Yorker sore
To think sheer Genius had to stand before
A mere Archbishop with uncovered head:
But *Mozart* never had to make his bed.)

The history of Music as of Man
Will not go cancrizans, and no ear can
Recall what, when the Arch-Duke *Francis* reigned,
Was heard by ears whose treasure-chest contained
A *Flute* already but as yet no *Ring*:
Each age has its own mode of listening.
We know the *Mozart* of our fathers' time
Was gay, rococo, sweet, but not sublime,
A Viennese Italian; that is changed
Since music-critics learned to feel *estranged*:
Now it's the Germans he is classed amongst,
A *Geist* whose music was composed from *Angst*,
At International Festivals enjoys
An equal status with the Twelve-Tone Boys;
He awes the lovely and the very rich,
And even those *Divertimenti* which
He wrote to play while bottles were uncorked,
Milord chewed noisily, Milady talked,
Are heard in reverent silence, score on knees,
Like quartets by the deafest of the *B's*.
What next? One can no more imagine how,
In concert-halls two hundred years from now,
When the mozartian sound-waves move the air,
The cognoscenti will be moved than dare
Predict how high orchestral pitch will go,
How many tones will constitute a row,
The tempo at which regimented feet
Will march about the Moon, the form of *Suite*
For Piano in a Post-Atomic Age,
Prepared by some contemporary *Cage*.

An opera composer may be vexed
By later umbrage taken at his text:
Even *Macaulay's* schoolboy knows today
What *Robert Graves* or *Margaret Mead* would say
About the status of the sexes in this play,
Writ in that era of barbaric dark

'Twixt Modern Mom and Bronze-Age Matriarch.
Where now the Roman Fathers and their creed?
'Ah, where', sighs *Mr. Mitty*, 'where indeed?'
And glances sideways at his vital spouse
Whose rigid jaw-line and contracted brows
Express her scorn and utter detestation
Of Roman views on Female Education.
In Nineteen-Fifty-Six we find the *Queen*
A highly paid and most efficient Dean
(Who, as we all know, really runs the College),
Sarastro, tolerated for his knowledge,
Teaching the History of Ancient Myth
At *Brynmarwr*, *Vassar*, *Bennington* or *Smith**;
Pamina may a *Time* researcher be
To let *Tamino* take his Ph.D.,
Acquiring manly wisdom as he wishes
While changing diapers and doing dishes;
Sweet *Papagena*, when she's time to spare,
Listens to Mozart operas on the air,
Though *Papageno*, one is sad to feel,
Prefers the Juke-box to the Glockenspiel,
And how is (what was easy in the past)
A democratic villain to be cast?
Monostatos must make his bad impression
Without a race, religion or profession.

A work that lives two hundred years is tough,
And operas, God knows, must stand enough:
What greatness made, small vanities abuse.
What must they not endure? The Diva whose
Fioriture and climactic note
The silly old composer never wrote,
Conductor X, that overrated bore,
Who alters tempi and who cuts the score,
Director Y, who with ingenious wit
Places the wretched singers in the Pit
While dancers mime their roles, Z, the Designer,
Who sets the whole thing on an ocean liner,
The girls in shorts, the men in yachting-caps,
Yet Genius triumphs over all mishaps,
Survives a greater obstacle than these,
Translation into foreign Operese.
(English sopranos are condemned to *languish*
Because our tenors have to hide their *anguish*)
It soothes the *Frank*, it stimulates the *Greek*:
Genius surpasses all things, even Chic.
We who know little (which is just as well)
About the future can at least foretell,
Whether they live in air-borne nylon cubes,
Practise group-marriage or are fed through tubes,
That crowds two centuries from now will press
(Absurd their hair, ridiculous their dress)
And pay in currencies however weird
To hear *Sarastro* booming through his beard,
Sharp connoisseurs approve if it is clean
The F in alt of the nocturnal *Queen*,
Some uncouth creature from the *Bronx* amaze
Park Avenue by knowing all the K's.

How seemly, then, to celebrate the birth
Of one who did no harm to our poor earth,
Created masterpieces by the dozen,
Indulged in toilet-humour with his cousin,
And had a pauper's funeral in the rain,
The like of whom we shall not see again.

* The British reader should substitute the names of Newnham, Somerville, etc.

How comely, also, to forgive: we should,
As *Mozart*, were he living, surely would,
Remember kindly *Salieri's* shade,
Accused of murder and his works unplayed,
Nor, while we praise the dead, should we forget

We have *Stravinsky*, bless him, with us yet.
{ Basta! Maestro, make your minions play!
{ In all hearts, as in our *Finale*, may
{ Reason and Love be crowned, assume their rightful sway.

W. H. AUDEN

Apostle of Political Union

HERBERT AGAR on Benjamin Franklin

THREE main points about Benjamin Franklin seem especially worth stressing in Great Britain. First, Franklin as the perfect pattern of the eighteenth-century man. Second, Franklin as the devoted friend of the British Empire, which he nevertheless helped to dismember. Third, Franklin the apostle of political union, across frontiers and across oceans, among all who can find a common hope or faith, as the one remedy for war.

To take the first point: Franklin was pure eighteenth-century in the range of his interests and of his knowledge. A biographical dictionary describes him as 'printer, author, philanthropist, inventor, statesman, diplomat, scientist, etc.'. He was also pure eighteenth-century in character and temperament—a child of the Enlightenment, with his mildly cynical wit, his scepticism, his worldly common sense, his faith and confidence in Reason, Freedom, Humanity. Yet 'faith' and 'confidence' are not quite right. The words are too strong to apply to Franklin, and perhaps too naive. He lived as if he had such faith; yet he always poked fun at it, and at himself, and at most things in this faintly ridiculous world, a world which he thought could only be enjoyed with detachment. One of the pleasing myths of early American history is that Franklin was refused the job of writing the Declaration of Independence—that fateful and solemn document—for fear he might conceal a joke in the middle of it. The same might have been said about Voltaire, who could also be indignant, but who also had a tendency to remember that indignation is faintly funny.

Indeed, one might say that if Franklin had not existed, Voltaire or some other Frenchman would have had to invent him. He was so perfectly what they all wanted to believe in: the homespun genius, the unspoiled child of nature who should prove a truer philosopher, a purer cosmopolitan, a more successful experimenter among the new sciences, than any product of the old and wearier world. It was a rather foolish hope on their part, that such a being might exist. Nothing could have been less likely. So imagine their delight when he suddenly appeared—so real and so improbable—playing up everything simple and homely and new-world about himself for their delectation; revelling in everything complicated and subtle and old-world about Europe, for his own delectation. During his seventeen years in London and his nine years in Paris he became almost a cult, a prodigy, among the men of letters and of fashion and of science.

I have said Franklin was always a little aloof, a little uncommitted. This may not have been true in his relation to science—for there his love seemed wholehearted. In the time he was allowed to snatch from public affairs, his accurate and all-enquiring mind led him to discoveries of which the great Sir Humphry Davy wrote: 'A singular felicity of induction guided all his researches, and by very small means he established very grand truths'.

Now to turn to my second point: Franklin the defender of the Empire is perhaps less well known in Britain than Franklin the elder statesman of the American Revolution. Yet this should not be; for it was here in London that he did his hardest work to make that revolution unnecessary. He first came here, for a period of five years, in 1757.

The Seven Years War was in progress and there was much discussion of what colonial territories Britain should take from France, in the event of victory. It was a sign of a radical lack of realism, on transatlantic matters, on the part of Whitehall, that Franklin found it necessary to publish a pamphlet urging that Canada would be a more useful acquisition than the island of Guadeloupe!

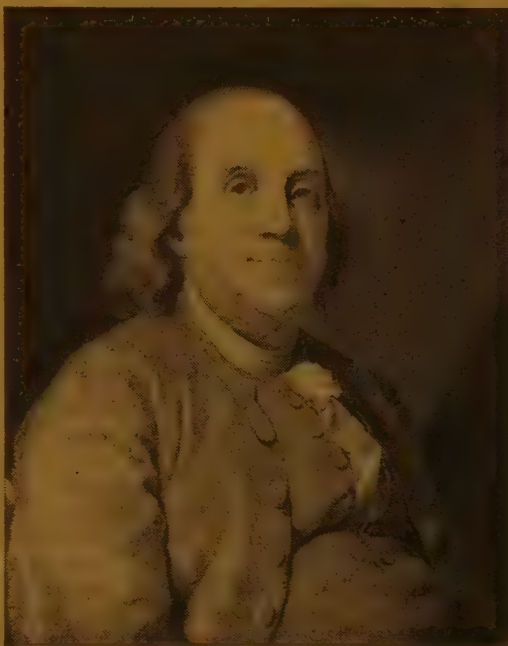
Not foreseeing how this same lack of realism was to bedevil him in later days, Franklin wholeheartedly enjoyed these years at No. 7, Craven Street, S.W.1. He was reluctant to return home for he had lost his heart to the people of Britain. 'Of all enviable things England has', he wrote in 1763, 'I envy it most its people'. And he went on to marvel that so many 'sensible, virtuous, and elegant minds' could be found in what he called 'that petty Island, which, compared to America, is but a stepping-stone in a brook, scarce enough of it above water to keep one's shoes dry'.

So he went home sadly; yet hardly had he reached home when he was sent back to London for another twelve years. But he was sent back to represent his own colony, Pennsylvania, in the great dispute; and in a few years he was asked to represent Georgia, New Jersey, and Massachusetts as well. He became known as 'the Ambassador for the Colonies', and the best proof that the revolution had become inevitable was that not even Benjamin Franklin could prevent it. The years of Franklin's second mission to London (1763-1775) were years in which the British and American peoples were pushed by forces which they did not understand into decisions and animosities which they did not desire.

Briefly, what had happened was this: the British had won the Seven Years War. Whitehall had taken Franklin's excellent advice and had seized Canada instead of Guadeloupe. And

the expulsion of France from Canada had brought a revolutionary change in the North American balance of power. Great Britain was no longer needed as a shield against the French. So, in a sense, she was no longer needed at all. The thirteen colonies in North America felt themselves suddenly of age. They could now look after their own security. They had no hostile neighbours more formidable than Red Indians. So why should they pay taxes, or suffer trade restrictions, for the sake of the mother country? 'Why?', said the colonists. 'Why not?', said Whitehall. This was a wrangle to which reason could find no answer—short of war on the one hand, or short of Dominion status on the other. Dominion status had of course not then been invented—yet Dominion status was precisely what Franklin advocated. Reaching far into the future, foreseeing what was to make the beauty and the strength of the second British Empire, Franklin tried to save the first Empire by Dominion status. As early as 1768—seven years before the revolutionary war broke out—he was pleading with both sides to stop their barren arguments about the exact powers of parliament and to admit that the colonies were 'so many separate states, only subject to the same king, as England and Scotland were before the union'.

The wisest men in the colonies—Jefferson, John Adams, James Wilson—all agreed with Franklin in this premature plan for a Common-



Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790), after the portrait by J. S. Duplessis

National Portrait Gallery

wealth. It was, of course, easy to see the need for home rule, and for the Crown as the sole creator of unity, if you were 3,000 miles—and perhaps three months by sail-boat—from London. It was not so easy to see the point at Whitehall, where the power resided, and the old habits of authority. Anyway, the point was missed, and the Empire was divided. Yet surely Franklin was right. Seventy years later, when a similar discontent arose in Canada, the British sent a commission to study the problem in the light of the American revolt—and then the Empire began to move toward the modern Commonwealth of Nations.

Franklin never ceased to lament the failure of his twelve-year effort to preserve the Empire. 'Long did I endeavour', he wrote, 'with unfeigned and unwearied zeal, to preserve from breaking that fine and noble china vase, the British Empire'. If the world had only been as reasonable as the eighteenth century believed, Franklin might well have had his way. This leads me to my third point—in connection with Franklin the promoter of political union as the best way of abating wars—let us remind ourselves that both General Montgomery and Lester Pearson, the Foreign Minister of Canada, have recently warned us that the nations in our North Atlantic Treaty Organisation must move toward some sort of political bond if we are to escape atomic suicide.

Except for the atoms, Franklin was using much the same arguments in 1754—about the thirteen American colonies. He begged them to form a federation, giving to a central government all powers needed for defence—for him it was defence against the French and Indians. He was ignored, both by the colonies and by Whitehall. But here, too, had he been heard, he might have saved the Empire. Long afterwards he wrote:

The colonies, so united, would have been sufficiently strong to have defended themselves; there would have been no need of troops from England [during the Seven Years War]; and, of course, the subsequent

pretence for taxing America and the bloody contest it occasioned would have been avoided.

And we have seen that after the failure of his federal plan, after the consequent wrangle over taxation had become rancorous, Franklin proposed still another form of union—along Commonwealth lines—as the last hope for peace. His most recent biographer, Carl Van Doren, justly writes:

Of all Americans he had had the largest vision of the Empire that might be shaped by political wisdom, and perhaps the strongest affection for the idea.

The idea of empire, as developed recently in the Commonwealth, is essentially a cosmopolitan idea. And Franklin, above all else, was the eighteenth-century cosmopolitan man. He knew not the poison of modern nationalism. Perhaps this is why the English and the French enjoyed him so intensely when he lived among them. Just to show how much they did enjoy him, let me conclude by quoting what John Adams said of Franklin as American agent in France during the revolutionary war, and let me remind you that John Adams was never given to exaggerating the merits of other men:

Franklin's reputation was more universal than that of Leibnitz or Newton, Frederick or Voltaire, and his character more beloved and esteemed than any or all of them. . . . His name was familiar to government and people. When they spoke of him, they seemed to think he was to restore the golden age.

'The golden age', when a man was at home in any country where he found generous and enquiring minds, when prejudice and harsh intolerance were dissolved in gentle scepticism, and when a modest faith in reason made it possible to hope for the future—this was the eighteenth-century dream. And with Benjamin Franklin the dream almost came true.—*Home Service*

Science and the Art of Living—III

Decisions and Valuations

By SIR GEOFFREY VICKERS, V.C.

IN my last talk* I ended by stating a familiar problem. Scientists, when they study the interaction of forces in the world around us, can describe what happens as the endless search for stability. Changing winds and weather reflect the ever-changing inequalities of pressure in the earth's envelope of air. Changes in the population of animals and plants reflect inequalities in the forces governing the rates at which they multiply and die. Even the behaviour of a single creature can be seen as no more than its effort to preserve the conditions whereby it lives and grows. Stability is seldom attained for long or over any large area, because the balance of forces is continually changing, but the search for it is sufficient to explain most, if not all, that we see happening round us.

Does this apply equally to men and their relations with each other? Have we, too, no goal but stability, no activity but adjustment? If so, in what sense are we responsible for the decisions which seem to shape the course of history, including our own personal histories? And what importance are we to attach to the values which seem to enter so deeply into our choices? I believe that science is helping us to answer these questions and that its answers will give us both guidance and power.

We work on the assumption that our decisions are different from, say, chemical reactions. Men, we assume, can make choices. They have reason, and with reason they can think out the consequences of what they do. They have consciences, which tell them the difference between right and wrong. They have wills, and therefore they can choose one course rather than another and hold it despite great discouragement. Moreover, it is these qualities which make them men and distinguish them from other animals, and still more from machines and inanimate things. If science explains these assumptions away, we fear that it will leave both ethics and politics with no way in which to talk about men in society except as units in an endless dance of blind and mutual exploitation. Thus, in the peculiarly human field of choice and judgement, it has seemed safer to go on regarding ourselves as if we were a special creation.

This attitude is changing, not so much, I think, because moralists are

abating their hopes as because scientists are producing concepts which can enrich and simplify our ideas of human behaviour without asking us to throw all our traditional wisdom overboard. For example, there used to be what seemed an irresolvable inconsistency between determinism and free-will. It could be put in this way: things behave the way they do because of causes in the past. Men behave the way they do because of purposes which look to the future. This proved to the moralists that man was different; and they were anxious to keep him so. For if the stealing of a thief is caused as the falling of a stone is caused, how can you hold him responsible for what he does? The scientists, on the other hand, who were not prepared to assume that men were 'different', felt that purpose must somehow be bogus. So, while the moralists were trying to escape from causation, the scientists were kept busy for a long time trying to explain away purpose.

This gulf is being narrowed by changes in the way we think both about causation and about purpose. We are learning from the scientists that the effect which things—and people—have on each other is always mutual; it works both ways. A change in any part of a system affects the whole. We can say in a sense that the cause of these changes lies neither in the past nor in the future but in the present, for only the forces which are operating now decide how things are moving now. The basic picture is one of continual interaction. But men at least are so organised that both the past they have experienced and the future they anticipate affect their present behaviour; and because they are responsive to each other, their interaction is far more complex and far more sensitive.

So we can accept the thought that human societies are systems, in the same sense in which life in a pond is a system, and still expect that our better understanding of it will reveal to us the scope of our initiative as well as the conditions on which it depends. I have no doubt that, within limits which we can hope to discover, we can ourselves determine what the pattern of the system shall be. For it is changed by every change in us, since we are part of the system: and we are changed by every increase in our knowledge of how the system works, and even by

every change in our hopes of how it might work. Still more are we changed by every increase in our knowledge of how we work. That is why, as I believe, we should welcome and use whatever the scientists can tell us about our nature and about the ways in which we interact and might interact. For the better we know our possibilities and our limitations, the more real will be our sense of responsibility.

Through every waking moment of a lifetime messages pour into the brain through the senses and from sources within the body; and through every waking moment some 'behaviour' is pouring out. This behaviour may be built up into the most complex yet coherent patterns; consider how many pots a successful human being keeps boiling—work, home life, friends, leisure pursuits, public duties—and in each field he can sustain several lines of action at the same time, each reaching coherently through years and decades. There is every reason to think that this co-ordinating, this pattern-making, is the work of some 10,000,000,000 interconnected living cells which form the brain.

Extraordinary Organ

This extraordinary organ does things which neither animals nor machines can imitate, and nobody knows how it works; but since we have good reason to suppose that it has evolved like the rest of our anatomy, it would not be surprising if we could learn something about it from animals as well as from human beings. Furthermore, since we are now learning to build machines which can solve some of the problems which brains solve, it would not be surprising if we found that the principles on which these machines work are also used by the brain. In fact, we are learning a great deal from building machines which can take decisions for themselves, such as machines which calculate pay-rolls or play draughts, and from watching how animals behave in unfamiliar situations, such as exploring mazes; as well as from analysing what human beings do in real-life situations. This knowledge bears on everything we do; on how we learn; on the source of our wants and the nature of our needs; and on how we form and change the rules we live by.

One problem is common to men, animals, and machines. What they do depends on how they perceive their situation. The social psychologists find that people vary very much in how they see the same situation, and engineers have to teach their machines to recognise the cues which tell them what to do. This applies equally to human decisions at all levels. The first step is to recognise what are the essential features of the situation; and this is where the doubts, the conflicts, and the mistakes usually occur. For example, every society of which I have ever heard has rules about what neighbours can expect of each other; and in most of them these expectations have a great deal in common. But they differ very much in their answer to the old question: 'Who is my neighbour?' In some it is the members of a family, in others the village or clan. Those outside the pale are treated differently.

Our idea of neighbourliness is certainly no higher than that of many older cultures. If we have any claim to be advancing in morality, it is because we accept as neighbours, for some purposes at least, many who at other times would have been treated as strangers. Indeed, we do not like to admit that any difference of race or nationality or status should make one man wholly a stranger to another. This, so far as it becomes real, makes an immense difference to human behaviour; yet it involves no change in our 'rules', only a change in our recognition of the situations to which they apply.

It seems to me that most moral progress has been achieved in this way. It is a long time since we invented—or discovered—a new virtue; but we have extended the scope of the virtues we have by changing our view of the situations to which they should apply. The same is true of legal progress; the development of English law down the centuries has been in ever more refined discrimination of the circumstances to which old principles should be applied.

Differences in the way we 'see' the situation account also for many of our conflicts. Consider a familiar situation. A group of men are striking. Let us suppose it is an unofficial strike. Their own officials oppose it; public opinion is hostile to it; and it causes great hardship to the strikers themselves and their wives and families. None the less, it happens; and some who think it a mistake still take part in it. Since those who engage in it are so strongly criticised by other groups, we might suppose that the two are divided by some deep difference of valuation. Yet the values which are being appealed to are common to all. Loyalty, discipline, responsibility, are among the valuations which bind the group together, and they are equally those which, in their critics' view, ought to bind them to something else—to their union or

to the society of which they are part. The value of these virtues is not in question; what is at issue is the situation within which they operate.

Which of these perplexed and angry groups is right or wrong? There may be an underlying difference of valuation but the immediate issue is a difference of discrimination.

All decisions involve conflict, either between people or in our own heads, but some are more easily resolved than others. Psychologists tell us that we often make these conflicts worse by seeing in one of all of the alternatives a threat to ourselves; so instead of seeking the answer, we seek ways to defend ourselves against the answer. Our egos, they say, became involved because we feel insecure. Business is learning to apply this lesson in reducing the tensions which often arise over collective decisions and which show themselves as resistance to change, and I fancy that the understanding of it helps the Society of Friends to make their practical decisions by unanimity. Our culture may make these conflicts more acute; it seems to me to overvalue the boss's virtues. Patriarchal societies like ours are supposed to breed insecurity. I fancy ours is becoming less so. Let us hope so.

In any case, decision is a condition of conflict. Can science explain how we solve these conflicts, or guide us in solving them? Has it anything to say about values? This brings us back to my first question. Have we any goal but stability, any activity but adjustment? The idea of stability must remain important, for it is only within the laws of stability that we can achieve anything that will not prove self-defeating or worse. How important it is seems to me to be still an open question.

When we design buildings, the laws of stability set certain limits which our design must not transgress, but they do not predetermine or stereotype the shapes of the buildings, nor do they enter deeply into the values by which those buildings are judged good or bad. When we use our limited but real powers in the shaping of our lives and our societies, the laws of dynamic balance also set limits which may not be transgressed and they also do not predetermine or stereotype the results, but it may be that they enter more deeply into the values by which those results may be judged.

Last week I described men and societies as hierarchies of systems, each of which, if it is to hold together, must preserve its own stability and serve the stability of the ones above and below it, as a skater must preserve his balance if he is to hold his course. All the stimuli which we experience as 'wants' and 'musts' and 'oughts' are demands made on us to serve the stability of the systems in which we take part and which take part in us, systems biological, psychological, and social, and our stream of decisions is the conscious part of our effort to harmonise them. It may be that we need seek no better validity for our valuations than that they should enable us to integrate both personalities and societies at an ever higher level.

At all events, the idea of stability crops up curiously in value judgments with which we are already familiar. For example, the power of love to heal and preserve the human spirit was movingly preached and convincingly practised long before modern psychiatry began to make tentative hypotheses to explain why this should be: and I do not believe that they are talking about wholly different things. Both religion and psychiatry could describe as stability the state of security which love engenders.

The Psychologists and the Mystics

Again, many cultures and many religions have held up to our admiration the state of that man who is not blown about either by his own passions or by the threats and blandishments of the world without; and when psychologists talk about the effects of ego-involvement, they seem to me to be describing something very like the opposite of what the mystics call non-attachment. The attachments which both condemn are those which are inconsistent with the integration of the self, attachments which produce in those whom they enslave just such oscillations of feeling and behaviour as we find in unstable systems of other kinds. Love and non-attachment are linked ideas which are among the most fundamental insights of religion. They may well prove to correspond with the deepest discoveries about human nature which science has to make. Indeed, it would be strange if they did not.

For I see no need to doubt that the processes by which men build integrated personalities, and maintain societies in which such personalities can grow, can be explored by the same methods as those by which other processes have been explored, and will yield, as the others have, laws, which we can live by. It seems to me both a reasonable and a worthy hope that our strange species may in time learn some at least of the things which belong unto its peace.—*Home Service*

Solving the Problems of Mars

By MICHAEL OVENDEN

IN September of this year the planet Mars will be only 35,000,000 miles away from the Earth. Mars comes close to the Earth once every twenty-five months. But the orbit of Mars about the Sun is not circular, so its distance from the Earth at such a close approach varies by as much as 27,000,000 miles. This year's approach is a favourable one; Mars will be nearer to the Earth than it has been for the last thirty-two years. At a distance of 35,000,000 miles, Mars appears, to the naked eye, as large as a pin's head seen from a distance of twenty yards: through a telescope with a magnification of 1,000 it appears as large as the Moon seen through a pair of opera glasses.

Most Interesting of the Planets

Mars is, perhaps, the most interesting of the planets. It is just over 4,000 miles in diameter: a little over one half the diameter of the Earth. Compared with the other planets, conditions on Mars are not so very different from conditions on the Earth. Its average temperature is about minus ten degrees Fahrenheit, some forty degrees of frost: but on the equator, at noon, the temperature may rise above freezing. Mars has a thin atmosphere, the surface pressure being a twelfth of that at the Earth's surface.

It has no oceans and no high mountains. For this reason the meteorology of Mars should be much simpler than the meteorology of the Earth's atmosphere—and we do not need to be reminded of the difficulty of weather forecasting on Earth. It may seem a long way off, but we can study the meteorology of Mars by following the motions of the clouds that we see in the Martian atmosphere. Large telescopes are not needed for this work: some of the best visual observations of Mars have been made with telescopes of less than twenty inches aperture. What we do need is a large number of observers scattered as widely as possible over the Earth. No doubt amateur astronomers will make the most of the coming months to add to our knowledge of the Martian clouds.

But to learn something of the chemical composition of the Martian atmosphere, we must turn to the professional astronomer, who uses telescopes of large aperture and the techniques of modern astrophysics. If we pass the light of the Sun through a glass prism, we split it up into its component colours—a rainbow or spectrum. But it is not a continuous band of colour. We find that the Sun's spectrum is crossed by many thousands of dark lines. We get these lines because atoms and molecules in the outer layers of the Sun, and in the Earth's atmosphere, absorb certain colours. This is most useful: from the positions of the dark lines in the spectrum, we can discover the chemical nature of the gases through which the light has passed.

Mars, like all the planets, shines only by reflected sunlight. But before it reaches our telescopes, the sunlight reflected from the surface of Mars has to pass through the Martian atmosphere, and we can expect that the gases in the Martian atmosphere will imprint their own dark lines on the spectrum. If we compare the spectra of Mars and the Sun, and look for lines that are relatively darker in the spectrum of Mars, we can make a spectro-chemical analysis of the Martian atmosphere. In this way, in 1947, the American astronomer Kuiper clearly demonstrated the existence of carbon dioxide on Mars. But the observations are very delicate, and the positive identification of other gases has not, so far, proved possible. But we do know, for example, that if there is any oxygen there it must amount to less than a thousandth of the oxygen in the Earth's atmosphere. During the coming close approach of Mars, some of the larger telescopes in the world will be used in this way to attempt a more exact analysis of the Martian atmosphere.

Water-vapour, too, is scarce. But the presence of white caps in the polar regions, which wax and wane with the Martian seasons, prove that there is some water on Mars. The ways in which these polar caps reflect sunlight shows that they are frozen water, but probably with only a thin layer of frost, unlike the snow caps about the poles of the Earth.

A casual glance at Mars through a telescope shows not only the polar caps but also brownish-green markings which contrast with an orange-tinted background. The optical properties of the orange regions are like those of an oxide of iron (limonite). It is tempting to suppose

that any oxygen that might have been present in the atmosphere of Mars has been used up in oxidising the surface: in fact, Mars may be a rusty planet. But we need more observations before we can draw such a definite conclusion. The dark markings on Mars are permanent features, but they show regular seasonal changes of colour, connected with changes in the size of the polar caps. At the end of the last century, the suggestion was made that these dark areas are patches of vegetation which flourish when they receive water from the melting polar caps. But the green coloration of terrestrial plants is due to the chlorophyll they contain, and the spectrum of the dark markings on Mars is very different from the spectra of chlorophyll plants. On the other hand, it does resemble the spectrum of mosses and lichens, and these are, as it happens, among the hardiest of our terrestrial plants, with a great resistance to cold. The present close approach of Mars gives us an opportunity to obtain more detailed spectra of the Martian markings, and to make a more precise comparison with terrestrial plants.

It is hardly to be expected that exactly similar forms of life should have developed independently on two planets, under different conditions. It is interesting, therefore, to look at the way in which the optical properties of species of terrestrial plants change with changing environment. The vast area of the Soviet Union provides a unique opportunity for this work, and Russian scientists have not been slow to take advantage of it: they have coined the term 'astrobotany' for this study. Their observations show that plants growing at higher altitudes and lower temperatures have optical properties that approach most closely those of the dark markings on Mars. A strong point in favour of the vegetation idea is the fact that these dark areas must be able to go on growing, because they are not permanently obscured by the dust-storms that sweep the planet. Other suggestions have been made to account for these dark markings: minerals that change colour according to the amount of moisture in their surroundings; matter ejected from active volcanoes and distributed across the planet by the prevailing winds; but the vegetation theory does explain most completely the properties of the dark markings.

Canals—or Optical Illusions?

This is the nearest we have come to establishing the existence of life outside the Earth. Over the evidence (supposed by some to demonstrate the existence of intelligent life on Mars) controversy has raged for three quarters of a century. In 1877, when Mars came even closer to the Earth than it will do this year, the Italian astronomer Schiaparelli reported that he had seen a network of fine straight lines crossing the desert regions of Mars. The study of these markings was taken up by the American astronomer, Lowell. He maintained that these markings, now called 'canals', also showed seasonal variations of intensity. Lowell believed that he was seeing strips of vegetation flourishing about the waters of actual canals, made by intelligent Martians to eke out their meagre water supplies.

It must be confessed that it is difficult to find a natural explanation of such a complex system of lines on Mars, if it exists. The trouble is that, while some skilled observers confirm Schiaparelli's and Lowell's observations, other equally skilled observers using equally good telescopes deny the existence of canal-like markings at all. They believe that the canals are only optical illusions; and the eye is unreliable when it attempts to interpret scattered markings at the limit of visibility.

At first sight, it appears a simple matter to settle this question by taking a photograph of Mars. Unfortunately, this is not as easy as it sounds. The light from Mars has to pass through the Earth's atmosphere. This atmosphere is in a highly turbulent state. The image of the planet in a telescope is constantly making small movements in the field of view, and suffering distortions due to the disturbances of the atmosphere. We call this 'bad seeing'. You can get some idea of bad seeing by looking through a window above a hot radiator; the rising currents of hot air produce similar distortions. The human observer can follow the gyrations of the image of the planet in his field of view; he can also

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NEWS DIARY

January 18-24

Wednesday, January 18

Prime Minister defends Government's policy and refers to 'battle against inflation' in speech at Bradford

Conference on constitutional future of Malaya opens in London

Lower House of East German Parliament passes a Bill to set up a 'People's Army' and a Defence Ministry

Printing workers in England and Wales begin restrictive working in disputes about wage claims

Thursday, January 19

British Transport Commission offers seven per cent. pay increase to nearly 500,000 railway workers

Minister of Health announces that two British manufacturers have developed a vaccine giving protection against paralytic poliomyelitis

White Paper on export of surplus war material is published

Sir John Harding, Governor of Cyprus, sees Prime Minister in London

Friday, January 20

Railway unions accept Transport Commission's offer of pay increase

Dr. Adenauer inspects first parade of men in training for west German armed forces

Mr. Strydom, South African Prime Minister, receives a vote of confidence

Saturday, January 21

U.S. State Department publishes declaration reaffirming American policy in Formosa

A general strike is called in Bengal and for sixth day in succession rioting takes place in Bombay

M. Poujade is fined £500 for slandering President of the last French Assembly

Sunday, January 22

A bomb attack takes place in Famagusta in Cyprus

A total of nearly seventy people are reported to have been killed during a week of rioting in Bombay

Monday, January 23

People of Cyprus hand over sporting guns by order of Government

Australian Prime Minister makes statement about dock strike

Death of Sir Alexander Korda, the film producer

Tuesday, January 24

Parliament meets after Christmas recess. Commons discuss export of surplus war material

Theron Antarctic research ship is freed from ice after three weeks

Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary leave for United States



A new photograph of the Queen by Cecil Beaton. Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh leave London by air on January 27 for a three weeks' tour of Nigeria



A view along the waterfront at Lagos, Nigeria's capital, where the Royal Tour begins



Firemen clearing rubble from the High Street of the village of Wadhurst, Sussex, which was badly damaged when a jet fighter crashed there on January 20. Two civilians, as well as the crew of the aircraft, were killed

Right: a scene from the first performance of the new production of Mozart's 'The Magic Flute' at Covent Garden on January 19. Keith Engen plays Sarastro and Elsie Morison, Pamina (centre). A special performance in commemoration of the bicentenary of Mozart's birth is being given on January 27



R. E. G. Jeep rugby match





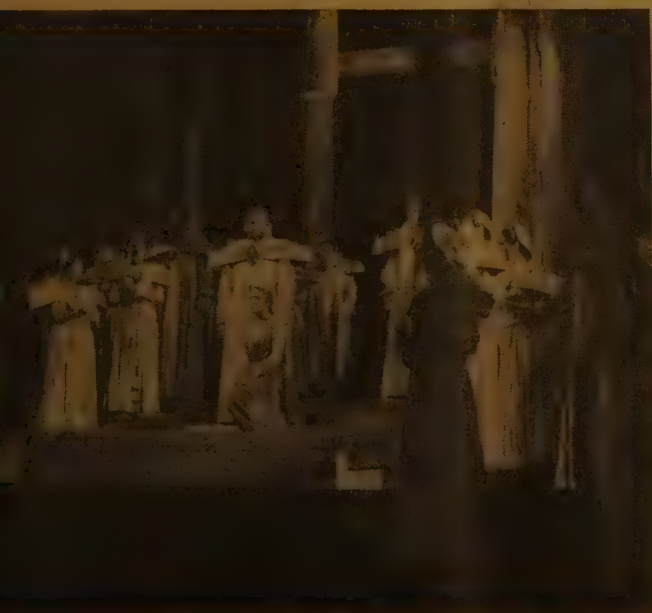
London police dogs are now being used in Cyprus to help track down terrorists. In this photograph 'Joe' is seen bringing to his handler a revolver he found in a cave



The Olympic torch, lit in Rome last Sunday, being borne by the Italian runner, Dordini, to the airport to be flown to Venice. From there it is being carried by runners to Cortina d'Ampezzo in the Italian Dolomites where the Winter Olympic Games open today



Passing the ball out from scrum during the international at Twickenham last Saturday. Wales won by 8 points to 3



An architect's drawing of the interior of St. Clement Danes' Church, London, as it will appear when restored. The church, which was gutted during the war, is to become the R.A.F.'s first Central Church. The bells have already been recast and when in place will be able to play the March Past of the Royal Air Force as well as 'Oranges and Lemons'

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mentally reject poor images and store in his memory only images produced in moments of clear seeing. This is only partly an advantage; for the same reason, the human observer tends to see on Mars what he is expecting to see. On the other hand, the photographic plate, while being impartial, is unable to follow the motions of the image during exposure. Inevitably, any photograph of a planet is blurred by bad seeing, and it shows far less detail than can be seen by a skilled observer.

Some of the best photographs of Mars, taken at the Pic-du-Midi Observatory, high up in the French Pyrenees, show some of the larger canals, but as diffuse bands, not as sharp lines. However, in 1950, the 200-inch Hale telescope on Mount Palomar in California came into use. With this telescope, it is possible to photograph Mars with an exposure as short as a fiftieth of a second. If a large number of photographs is

taken with a cine-camera, an occasional exposure may catch a moment of perfect seeing. If the canals really do exist, they should be seen clearly on such a snapshot.

The 200-inch telescope took twenty years to build and cost millions of pounds. Its main purpose is to photograph galaxies of stars so far away that the light from them takes thousands of millions of years to reach us—to push back the frontiers of the known universe. When the planet is 35,000,000 miles away—as it will be on September 7 this year—its light takes about three minutes to reach the Earth. Yet the problems that Mars presents are not despised, and the late Edwin Hubble, when Chairman of the Research Committee of the Mount Wilson and Palomar Observatories, placed observations of Mars during 1956 on the programme of the new instrument. Perhaps, at last, we are close to a resolution of the long-standing controversy over the reality of the canals of Mars.—*Home Service*

Law in Action

Mistake and the Law of Contract

By J. B. BUTTERWORTH

EVERY day hundreds of thousands of contracts are made. Some, of course, are formal contracts, set out in writing and signed by the parties, but many more are made by word of mouth. Everyone who buys a packet of cigarettes makes a contract for the sale of goods and everyone who travels on a bus enters into a contract of carriage. With so many contracts being created, it is not surprising that from time to time one of the parties is under some misapprehension or makes some mistake; and sometimes both are. I hope to explain and illustrate what effect mistakes have upon the formation of a contract.

Let me first relate the facts of a recent case as an example. (*Harrison and Jones Ltd. v. Bunten and Lancaster Ltd.* [1953] 1 Q.B. 646.) The plaintiffs, manufacturers of articles made with kapok, agreed to buy from the defendants a quantity of kapok, described as being 'Sree Brand'. On delivery it was discovered that the particular brand was not pure kapok but contained an admixture of cotton, making it unusable in the buyer's machines. Buyer and seller had both contracted under the misapprehension that 'Sree Brand' kapok was pure kapok and the question for the court was whether the buyer could reject the goods. In a situation of this kind laymen are often surprised at the strict attitude which the law adopts, for they think of a contract as being based upon an agreement, and if there has been a misunderstanding or mistake on the part of one or both of the parties, they expect it to vitiate any contractual obligation. The law of contract does not, however, require an agreement in the sense that the minds of the two parties must meet. It is not concerned with their intentions and thoughts, but only with their conduct. If one party, by his words or acts, makes an offer about a particular subject matter and the other party, by his words or acts, accepts it, a legally binding contract comes into existence. The offer is interpreted in the sense in which it would be understood by a third party standing in the shoes of the acceptor and having his knowledge of the circumstances, and the acceptance is interpreted in the same way. A party, therefore, who wishes to be protected from the effect of facts unknown to him, must insist upon an express stipulation being inserted into the contract for this purpose.

For these reasons Pilcher J. held that the buyer was bound by his contract and that the mistake would not enable him either to reject the goods or to sue for damages. True, the goods were useless to the buyer; but he had not insisted upon having any warranty as to quality in the contract and what had been delivered was in exact accordance with its terms. The contract was not affected by the mistake.

These objective standards which are applied in the interpretation of the contract must lead to hardship in some cases. If I offer to sell you a picture, making no representation about who painted it and you accept, believing it to be a Constable, the contract must clearly stand, even though I know it is a copy. Moreover, it would make no difference if I know that you think the picture is a Constable. The law does not require a knowledgeable seller to rescue a buyer from his own self-deception. The justification for such a strict doctrine is that one of the primary social functions of contract, particularly in a highly commercial

community, is to enable a man to make arrangements for his future and to rely upon the expectations which his contract has produced.

Some textbooks and judgements contain statements suggesting that if both parties have entered into a contract under a fundamental mistake or misapprehension the mistake will automatically make the contract void *ab initio*, that is to say, the contract will be a complete nullity and have no effect whatever. Such a mistake is sometimes described as a 'common mistake', occasionally as a 'mutual mistake'. Having regard to the objective approach of the law to the formation of contract, it is difficult to see how such a conclusion can be accepted. If the parties have, to all outward appearances, agreed upon the same subject matter, a contract exists and there can be no question of it being automatically declared void because they have made a particular type of mistake. A party who wishes to avoid his contractual obligations because he entered into the contract under some misapprehension will succeed only if he can get the contract set aside, and this will only be possible if the law will imply a term in his contract permitting him to do so. Courts are extremely cautious about implying terms in a contract, for the parties must be left to make their own bargains, and terms will not be implied merely because their introduction would make the contract more business-like or reasonable. Nevertheless, a consideration of the terms of the contract in the light of the circumstances existing when the agreement was made may occasionally show that it is necessary to imply a term.

The leading case of *Bell v. Lever Brothers* ([1932] A.C. 161) illustrates how unwilling the courts are to imply such a term unless it is strictly necessary to the operation of the contract. Lever Brothers had appointed Bell to be managing director of the Niger Company (a subsidiary of Levers) for five years at a salary of £8,000 a year. Owing to the amalgamation of the Niger Company with a third company, Bell's services became redundant, and Lever Brothers agreed to pay him £30,000 as compensation for the loss of employment. After paying this compensation, Lever Brothers discovered that Bell had committed certain breaches of duty whilst acting as director, for which he could have been dismissed without notice and without compensation. The jury found that Bell had not fraudulently concealed his breaches of duty when entering into the contract; he gave them no thought at all at the time. Both parties had therefore made a mistake about the quality of Bell's service agreements. The case was taken to the House of Lords which, by a majority of three to two, decided that the contract must stand and no term could be implied permitting Lever Brothers to set it aside. Bell's breach of duty made his contract voidable. That is to say, it put Lever Brothers in the position of being able to terminate it once they knew of his dereliction of duty; but until they had actually served him with notice, his contract of employment continued to exist. It was irrelevant that Lever Brothers had paid £30,000 to terminate the contract, when, had they known the facts, they could have brought it to an end merely by giving notice. Whether or not a term can be implied is a question of the interpretation of the contract. Once an offer has been accepted, it continues to bind the parties unless and until it is set aside

for failure of some term or condition that can be implied in the agreement. Such a condition will only be implied where, upon a proper construction of the contract having regard to the terms in which it is expressed and to the circumstances in which it was made, the implication of the condition is shown to be inevitable.

The Elusive Oil Tanker

A case where the courts recently considered the limits within which terms could be implied, occurred in Australia in 1951 (*McRae v. Commonwealth Disposals Commission* [1951] 84 C.L.R. 377). A disposals commission advertised for tenders for the sale of an oil tanker which needed to be salvaged and was described as lying on Jourmand Reef, off Papua. The plaintiff *McRae*, whose tender was accepted, eventually discovered there was no oil tanker to be salvaged anywhere in the locality mentioned and sued for damages as his salvage preparations had been expensive. The mistake had been caused by the irresponsible and careless advertisement of the defendants. Nevertheless they argued that here was a common mistake made by both parties going to the very existence of the subject matter, that the contract was therefore automatically avoided and no damages could be obtained. The Full High Court took a different view. They pointed out that an offer had been properly accepted and hence a contract existed. Moreover, the only basis upon which the contract could have been made was an implied promise by the Commission that the tanker was in the position stated and for the breach of this implied term they awarded damages. Here again, therefore, the parties were held to their promises. Legal consequences were not automatically produced because a particular type of mistake had been committed.

Sometimes, however, a mistake of a different kind may be made which prevents the offer and acceptance from being effectually made at all, and in such a case the contract never comes into existence. Thus, in one case, a contract was apparently made for the purchase of a consignment of cotton arriving on a ship called *Peerless* coming from Bombay. In fact, unknown to the parties, two ships, both called *Peerless*, left Bombay, with consignments of cotton, one in October and one in December. Once it was proved that the buyer meant the October vessel, whilst the seller had in mind the December vessel, the court ruled that there was no contract. The existence of two vessels of the same name made the negotiations utterly ambiguous. If you had been a third person, standing first in the shoes of one party and then in the shoes of the other, you could not have interpreted what had passed between them, in the sense contended for either by the buyer or by the seller; no contract therefore existed (*Raffles v. Wichelhaus* (1864) 2 H. & C. 906).

Again, a mistake about the person with whom the contract is being made can sometimes prevent the parties from making a contract. Ordinarily the identity of the person with whom your contract is immaterial. If you are a tobacconist willing to sell cigarettes to anyone and I come to your shop, you will be willing to contract with me whether I am Mr. Brown or Lord Black. Again, if you are an auctioneer you will be willing to contract with whoever comes to your sale room and bids, the fall of the hammer completing the contract between you and the highest bidder (*Dennant v. Skinner and Collom* [1948] 2 K.B. 164). Occasionally, however, it is important to a party to contract with a particular person. Should he make a mistake about the identity of the particular person with whom he intends to contract, it is sometimes possible to prove that no genuine offer and acceptance have taken place. To do this the mistaken party must be able to prove that the other party either knew or ought to have known that he had no intention of contracting with him. This state of affairs is sometimes loosely described as a void contract; strictly, the offer and acceptance have never been properly completed.

Thus in one case (*Said v. Butt* [1920] 3 K.B. 497) a certain Mr. Said wished to see the first performance of a play called 'The Whirligig' at the Palace Theatre, but knew that he would be refused admission because he had made certain unfounded charges against the staff of that theatre. He persuaded a friend to buy a ticket for him. On his arrival at the theatre, however, he was recognised in the vestibule by the managing director, who immediately gave instructions to the attendants that if Mr. Said had a ticket he was not to be allowed to occupy his seat and his money was to be returned. In consequence he was refused admission and left, having declined to take the money which he had been offered. Mr. Said claimed damages from the managing director on the ground that he had wilfully and maliciously procured the proprietors of the theatre, the Palace Theatre Company, to break

the contract which they had made with him. He failed. *McCardie J.* pointed out that the company were not prepared to sell a ticket to Mr. Said because of his previous conduct, and Mr. Said, realising this, had concealed his identity behind the agency of his unsuspected friend. The offer and acceptance never cohered because of this mistake and no contract therefore ever existed between the company and Mr. Said.

Finally, I will mention a case which came before the Court of Appeal about two years ago (*Frederick E. Rose (London) Ltd. v. William H. Pim Jr. and Co. Ltd.* [1953] 2 Q.B. 450 C.A.). The plaintiffs, who were London merchants, were asked by their associate company in Egypt to supply 'Moroccan Horsebeans described here as feveroles'. Not knowing what feveroles were, the plaintiffs asked a representative of the defendant company, who after making enquiries, replied that feveroles were just horsebeans. Contracts were then entered into by which the defendants arranged to supply a consignment of horsebeans for the plaintiffs. When the beans were ultimately delivered in Egypt they were found not to be feveroles but another type of bean altogether. The mistake in this instance had been induced by the innocent misrepresentation of the defendants. In consequence, the plaintiffs could have taken advantage of a rule of law that if one party induces the other party to enter into a contract by an innocent misrepresentation which does not become a term of the contract, the contract is voidable at the option of the party misled. That is to say, the contract in this case would continue to exist unless and until the plaintiff company exercised their option and rejected the horsebeans. Instead of rejecting them, however, they accepted the goods and then asked the court to use their equitable remedy of rectification. They asked the court to rectify the contract by adding the word 'feveroles' after 'horsebeans', intending, if successful, to claim damages upon the contract as rectified.

The court, however, pointed out that rectification is only available where the parties have come to an agreement and then in the course of reducing it to writing some error has been made. Once again, to ascertain the terms of the original agreement, you do not look into the minds of the parties but at their external acts, at what they said or wrote to one another in coming to their agreement, and then you compare it with the document which they have executed. If that document does not accurately record the agreement, it can be rectified. In this case, however, the parties to all outward appearances made a definite oral agreement and the written contract was in the same terms. The court therefore declined to rectify it. The fact that the parties had entered into their contract under a common mistake induced by the innocent misrepresentation of the defendants did not prevent a contract from coming into existence. The buyers had an option to reject the goods because of the innocent misrepresentation, but once they had accepted them they were bound by the contract that they had made. In the circumstances there was no question of a term being implied by the law in the contract, and, as the court decided, nothing could be added to it by way of rectification.

Limited Effect of Mistake

Mistake has thus a very limited effect in the law of contract. Many a mistake may exist without affecting the validity of an agreement. Bargain hunters who delude themselves that a battered old picture is a masterpiece cannot afterwards complain if they are wrong, even though they can prove that the shopkeeper, without contributing to their error, knew of the mistake. Sometimes this strict attitude of the law causes hardship. The buyer of a mixture of kapok and cotton who wanted pure kapok may well complain of being unable to reject a mixture which was useless to him. A company which pays compensation to a servant for loss of office, when it could have dismissed him summarily had it known of his misbehaviour, may bewail its error. A purchaser who accepts horsebeans for the feveroles which he has been instructed to buy may regret not taking more trouble in finding out what was the difference between them. Should not the courts perhaps have some dispensing power, some power to qualify contracts in cases of hardship? (*Solle v. Butcher* [1950] 1 K.B. 671.)

The answer seems plain; although such a power might enable justice to be done in individual cases, it would imperil the sanctity of millions of contracts, and encourage much speculative litigation. Strict adherence to the terms of the bargain is one of the basic assumptions upon which commercial activity rests. The parties to a contract can always protect themselves by making whatever provisions they wish in its terms. English law in effect says to them, 'Think before you make your contract instead of complaining after you have made it'. That is a healthy maxim.—*Third Programme*

The Younger American Painters of Today

MEYER SCHAPIRO on the exhibition at the Tate Gallery

I SHALL discuss here the new art of the last ten years by younger men in the United States, although this will mean ignoring painters of the older generation who are as good, if not better. Whatever one may think of the new work, there is no doubt that it has stirred up strong reactions and has made people more conscious of painting as a living art. There is among young artists in America today a mood of adventure and exhilaration; a growing public responds to the freshness and vigour of the works and their quality of freedom. Many new galleries for contemporary art have been opened during the last years, some of them by groups of co-operating artists. Museums and universities throughout the country have shown the most recent painting and sculpture in a sympathetic spirit, in striking contrast to their hesitancy and doubts before modern art twenty years ago.

While in Europe the idea of modern art as perpetual innovation by an *avant-garde* seems to have lost much of its appeal, in America this idea has now taken firmer root. The presence of leading European artists in New York during the last war, especially Léger, Lipchitz, Mondrian, Masson, and several of the surrealists, helped to stimulate the new trend. But no less important were the great exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art, the continued study of the works of Klee, Miró, Kandinsky, and Soutine, and the personal influence of the late Arshile Gorky, a passionate student of European art.

American artists are very much aware of a change in atmosphere since the war; they feel more self-reliant and often say that the centre of art has shifted from Paris to New York; not simply because New York has become the chief market for modern art, but because they believe that the newest ideas and energies are there and that America shows the way. I am not sure that the similar tendencies in Europe are due (as some of our artists think) to an influence from America: one could observe these in germ in Paris in the early nineteen-forties, when new American art was scarcely known on the other side and the artists I am discussing here had not yet formed their present styles. But, in the last years, the Americans have been recognised in Europe as an original school and their work has in fact won some followers abroad.

It is easy to suppose that this new confidence of American artists is merely a reflex of national economic and political strength; but the artists in question are not at all chauvinist or concerned with politics. They would reject any proposal that they use their brushes for a political end. They know that many government officials and Congressmen disapprove of their work and they have experienced, too, the absurd charge that their art is subversive—a survival of the attacks made on modern art in the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties as cultural bolshevism. But these artists are eager to collaborate with

architects in the decoration of buildings; they welcome the chance to paint or to make sculptures for a broader public and to have their work seen elsewhere than in galleries and apartments. The only institutions however, that have commissioned large works from them have been the Jewish synagogues.

What is the character of this new art in America? For those who think of modernity according to what was done in Europe in the period between about 1910 and 1939, the latest American art seems to be a revival of the abstract wing of expressionism. It has some resemblance to the earlier work of Kandinsky in the decade before 1920 (which has been much in view at the Guggenheim Museum of Non-Objective Art in New York during the last fifteen years). But the new painting in America is a more complex affair, and study will probably disclose a richer heritage of European and native forms.

In its most radical aspect—in the works of Willem de Kooning and Jackson Pollock—the new painting appears as an art of impulse and chance. This does not mean that it is formless and unconsidered; like any art, it aims at a coherent style. What I am describing rather are qualities which make up the expressiveness of this art; its physiognomic, so to speak. We see excited movements, scattered spots and dashes, fervent streaking, an explosive release. The strokes of paint exist for themselves on the strongly marked plane of the canvas as tangible elements of decided texture and relief; sometimes they appear as distinct touches, sometimes they form dense complex crusts of interwoven, built-up layers, sometimes they are drawn out as filaments, entangled over the entire surface.

But all this describes only a single kind of painting, the one that catches the eye soonest and provokes the greatest astonishment or exasperation. (To it

corresponds, by the way, a method of sculpture in which wires, rods, and small bits of metal are welded or soldered together in intricate, open forms.) One can point also to an opposite approach of the painter Mark Rothko, who builds large canvases of a few big areas of colour in solemn contrast; his bands or rectangles are finely softened at the edges and have the air of filmy spectres, or after-effects of colour; generally three or four tones make up the scheme of the whole, so that beside the restless complexity of Pollock or de Kooning, Rothko's painting seems inert and bare. Each seeks an absolute in which the receptive viewer can lose himself, the one in compulsive movement, the other in an all-pervading, as if internalised, sensation of a dominant colour. The result in both is a painted world with a powerful, immediate impact; in awareness of this goal, the artists have tended to work on a larger and larger scale—canvases as big as mural paintings are common in the shows in New York and indeed are



'Woman' (1950-52), by Willem de Kooning (b. 1904): from the exhibition at the Tate Gallery of modern American art from the Museum of Modern Art in New York

the ones which permit the artists to realise their aims most effectively.

Between these two poles lies a rich spectrum of styles of different emotional tone. Ranging in the formal means from intricacy to amorphous cloud-like massing, from a style of energy to a style of passivity, they include also the taste for the balanced or constructive in the rough black grids of Franz Kline which isolate in a clear counterpoint the reserved spaces of the white ground. All these styles are united in the common weighting of the stroke, in the concreteness of the canvas surface as a material plane, and in the freedom of composition realised through ambiguous or random forms.

The student will recognise here features that belong more or less to modern art as a whole, ever since the Impressionists; even cubist painting is related to the new art through these qualities. What is remarkable here is the degree of spontaneity, unconstrained by representation or by a transforming process. In a cubist work we see the artist making decisions, taking objects apart or piecing them together, relating forms in small deliberated strokes; the expressionist painter still refers through imagery to an outer world which has been the source or object of his feelings. In the new art there is little trace of the object-qualities which persist in some of the earlier abstract styles in the closed geometrical forms. Yet in all these respects the recent work continues the development of the last hundred years. It seeks above all to realise the self-sufficiency of the artist on the canvas, and to create with a directness of effect depending on the intrinsic appeal of the medium, arresting equivalents of a subjective state. The artist's freedom is located more narrowly and more forcefully than ever before within the self, and opposed to the set, impersonal order of the external world.

Debt to Surrealism

The new art owes much to surrealism, which made absolute instinct and feeling as aggressive forces and proposed as its chief image the minotaur, the man-beast in the labyrinth. But surrealist painting was infected with literature, and it was only in a milieu of artists who also admired the cubists and Mondrian that abstraction could take over some of the functions that surrealism assigned to imagery.

The reactions to this art, both in Europe and America, have been curiously contradictory. Some observers feel that this is not art, but a chaotic outburst. The scattered touches of pigment, or the bare presence of a few great areas of colour, seem to build up no order—one is a denial of order through the wild discharge of feeling, the second through the poverty of shapes, the lack of an articulation. Others, more inclined to the dynamic, criticise the first kind of art as too obviously ordered, comparing it with decorated wallpaper, marble veinings, and the patterns of tissues seen through the microscope. A painting by Pollock, they say, can be continued indefinitely without loss of character; or it can be cut in half, like a rug, and still allow us to reconstruct the rest, in which has entered no idea not already given in the first part. Its order then is like that of most ornament, an inorganic order of simple periodic repetition.

But if there is some truth in the observation, it must be said, too, that these paintings are unlike any ornament of the past in other respects. The repeated theme has the most evident, un-artisan-like character of continuous improvisation and bears throughout the mark of the free brush. There is an unpredictable play from point to point, although the density of details may be the same in the two halves. It is, besides, an ornament in atmospheric depth, with many overlapping layers, some in relief, and calls up ideas of the labyrinthine and entangled—an impulsiveness which is caught in its own movements and must reassert itself in ever-changing directions. All this takes it beyond the state of familiar ornament. A work like Pollock's 'Number 1' or his 'Autumn Rhythm' is too powerful and earnest to serve as a decoration. Only from a distant view, which loses sight of the intimate personal qualities of the surface and execution and all the passion and fantasy within the small areas, can one mistake the ornamental aspect for the essential trait of the whole.

What I have said so far applies more or less to paintings of different quality; it does not permit one to distinguish artists or to discern their most successful works. To grasp their art as it is and not simply to measure its strangeness or heresy beside an already established style, one must learn to see it with an eye to individual character and accomplishment. In the crowded sequence of shows in the American galleries, one discovers very quickly that this new art has its leaders and followers, its original minds and less inventive disciples. No criticism that ignores

this fact can be just to the artists. The few who have stood out over a period of years possess solid qualities as painters, which are probably not different in kind from those that sustain our interest in the art of the past. If de Kooning, Pollock, and Gorky are less profound artists than the great European pioneers of the first decades of our century, I believe they are true painters whose best works, created with fresh conviction and with mastery of the canvas, will survive. They will be taken into account in future descriptions of the significant art of the nineteen-forties and nineteen-fifties.

Where this art seems below the highest, I venture to say it is not because the painting is formless, but rather because the forms, and consequently the expressions, are limited by the spontaneity or emphasis of effect. Whether stark or effusive, there is too little growth or climax or revelation within the work itself; all is of a piece, which, though stirring in its force or purity, offers small scope to development. A single idea is pronounced and in time discloses its nature in too obvious a way. Impulse, sensation, automatism are sources here of energy and striking effects, but they have been unfruitful ground for deeper qualities.

This is recognised by the artists as well as by their critics. The good painters are their own most serious judges, and they are usually ahead of those who follow or reject them. The paintings shown by the Museum of Modern Art belong for the most part to their past; in the last years some of these artists, including Pollock, have moved in other directions. It is too soon to say what the dominant one will be. No doubt abstraction is here to stay and will develop still other forms, but it is also clear that artists are again concerned with nature, more as a ground for new perceptions than as a part of an ideology or social commitment or as a return to the past. As in France, where abstraction has never been for the older painters an exclusive doctrine, but only a possibility, pursued and explored with great seriousness, so in New York several artists who have distinguished themselves by a radical abstractness are now showing paintings and sculptures of figures and landscape. The mere fact that he has turned to objects does not characterise an artist, however; although, seen beside the previous art, such a choice at least indicates a new intention. De Kooning has painted a powerful series of large figures of women, of a savage force, with grimacing faces, bulging mannikin bodies, and vivid colour; the momentum of the brushwork is as striking as the sharp notes of red and green in a broader setting of refined neutral tones. In these works he has sacrificed for a while the accomplished calligraphy of his former style for more poignant, disquieting effects.

Meditation of Loved Objects

Already, before the present show at the Tate Gallery, there was emerging a new generation of painters in their twenties and early thirties with a strong interest in the natural image. The painting of Grace Hartigan is an example. Among those not represented in this exhibition I may cite Robert de Niro, Wolf Kahn, and Gandy Brodie, painters of very different temperament who have worked only little or not at all in the abstract vein. Their break with abstraction is less drastic than appears, for the ideals of the older artists still dominate the newer painting from nature in the forcefulness of the brush and in the continuing importance of the ecstasy of spontaneous expression and the sensory shock. The human object or the landscape is translated poetically into a paint substance with many of the qualities of the preceding art. Coloured paint is for them, as for some of their elders, a marvellous matter with inexhaustible possibilities of enchantment and suggestion. The difference lies perhaps—and I speak of Gandy Brodie in particular—in a conservative, even humble, mood in the meditation of loved objects, and the respect for the mystery in simple existence as well as in the greatest art.—*Third Programme*

The general reader as well as the archaeologist will find much to interest him in Mr. J. F. Head's *Early Man in South Buckinghamshire*, in which the author records and interprets such evidence as there is for the presence and activities of the early inhabitants of the region from the days of the Old Stone Age to the Anglo-Saxon Pagan period. The text of this well-produced book is supplemented with maps and illustrations. If we are to understand our origins the need for regional surveys and local histories is obvious, and in an age when, as Mr. Head reminds us, so much of the countryside is being encroached upon, no time should be lost in producing them. The present volume is a valuable addition to existing literature and will, one hopes, be an encouragement to other local historians and archaeologists. It costs a guinea and is obtainable from John Wright and Sons, Ltd., the Stonebridge Press, Gate Road, Bristol.

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Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Christian Hope and Physical Evil

Sir,—My complaint against Mrs. Knight is that, despite considerable erudition and good humour, her approach to the problem of evil is ultimately Philistine.

For me, says she cheerfully, the only problem of evil is the practical problem of how to reduce it, but, believe me, and on that level of argument, that is the only problem for Christians. Nevertheless, she insists on setting Christians another problem, and innocently makes it less easy to answer by further insisting on the employment of an obsolete technical vocabulary.

How, she asks, can you reconcile the existence of God with the existence of evil? When we reply honestly that this dilemma is false because evil, itself an equivocal word, does not exist in the same sense as God exists, she cites Augustine, who in the passage quoted was talking about moral evil, and then mischievously rebukes Lord Hailsham, who is talking about the same subject, because, she claims, the correspondence relates only to earthquakes and the like, that is, what she describes, rather quaintly, as physical evil.

When we say, quite honestly, that we do not know the answers to the real related, but quite separate questions, which she is confusing by her equivocal terminology, it never seems to occur to her as odd that she is really giving the same answer herself. Apparently, what is sauce for Mrs. Knight's goose is not sauce for Lord Hailsham's gander.

It is, as St. Augustine pointed out, only confusing the issue to talk about evil as if it were a substance. The questions correctly posed are:

- (i) Why do men do wrong? and
- (ii) Why do men suffer?

As if these were not difficult enough, Mrs. Knight gaily adds a third and a fourth (which she confuses with the other two), namely:

- (iii) Why do animals suffer? and
- (iv) Why do animals prey on one another?

The answer is, we do not know; nor does Mrs. Knight. But it is purely philistine for Mrs. Knight to say that the problem does not exist for her, but only for us, because we believe in God. The problem exists for all men, whatever their philosophical beliefs, but particularly, I should have thought, for the materialist, to whom it is fair to ask: 'What sort of a universe is it in which it matters whether men suffer or not, or in which it is significant that men believe that they can do wrong?' Mrs. Knight does not know the answer nor, entirely, do we. But we believe that our world begins to make sense, which is more I think than she can say for hers, and the more we explore our hypothesis, the more sense it seems to make, and the less sense it seems to make that Mrs. Knight is so eager in her innocent good nature to reduce the amount of what she calls physical evil in the world. If she does so it is because she is not at all the kind of being she imagines herself to be.

To my mind, answering the problem of good is possibly more difficult, but certainly more rewarding than the so-called problem of evil.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.15

HAILSHAM

Sir,—For thousands of priests and parsons, millions of church people in Europe and America, the miracle stories are to be accepted not as facts of history but as vehicles of religious

experience. As such they have unequalled power and authority; nothing can take their place.

For thousands of scientists, including Darwin, religion conveyed and conveys, as an experience, the truth that unselfish goodness exists in human nature, and, that is to say, in universal nature; a fact as valid as any observation of science, and more immediate.

A man is more directly aware of unselfish affection, of the movement of his own sympathies, than of the constitution of the atom.

For anyone to cut himself off from any point of contact with the actual world, from any experience of its nature, religious, aesthetic, or scientific, is to stultify his mind and starve his imagination. Darwin was remorseful in his old age, that he had starved his aesthetic intuition and could no longer enjoy poetry.

We all know highly intelligent people who, for want of some religious experience, simply do not know what religion is about. All I suggested in my letter was that the battle between religion and science was growing unreal as well as unnecessary. It is also a pity because it brings discredit to both sides. The dogmatists of science, in fact, are almost as unconvincing now as the religious fundamentalists of the eighteenth century. Does anyone under fifty still think that science will save the world?—Yours, etc.,

Oxford

JOYCE CARY

Sir,—Mrs. Knight's letter prompts one or two points in reply.

(1) She argues in terms of the omnipotence of God. I doubt whether the word means very much. If you ask: Can God make a stone so heavy that He cannot lift it?, the answer is No. If you ask: Can God make a world in which beings have a genuinely free choice by which they can accept Him or reject Him without creating at least a potentiality of evil?, the answer is also No.

(2) Religion has given traditionally three answers to the problem of the origin of evil. Sometimes, as with Zoroaster, evil has been exalted into a cosmic principle co-existent with good. At the heart of the universe lies dualism. Life is a battle between Ormuzd and Ahriman. The difficulty about this view is that it gives no reason for backing one horse rather than the other, unless you think that that side is more likely to win and a cynic might say that this led him to back Ahriman. Others have taken the view, common in the far east, that evil is an illusion. This does not ultimately help because it merely transfers the question to 'Whence is the illusion?' The Christian view, however difficult, is easier to accept than either of these. I can gropingly understand that God in creating beings who are free to choose must create the potentiality of evil, and that it is better that we shall be sons, however prodigal, than marionettes. The analogy with earthly fatherhood is valid. Our children must have the freedom to learn from their own mistakes.

(3) Mrs. Knight does not comment on the greater problem of the origin of good, or, to put it differently, the fact that the existence of evil is a problem is itself evidence of the existence of God. Amoralism is both unprovable and irrefutable, but hardly anyone holds it, least of all Mrs. Knight. If evil is a problem, it is a problem against the background of the existence of good. If goodness is not merely a subjective expression of my own likes, then it is independent of me,

and similarly independent of each human individual. It is thus independent of humanity as a whole, for being independent of each it is independent of all. It is in the strict sense superhuman. Good in a moral sense is meaningless except in personal terms.

It follows that if for us evil is a problem, we are implicitly expressing a belief in God. It was along this road that the late C. E. M. Joad made his pilgrimage to God.—Yours, etc.,

Thames Ditton

JOHN FERGUSON

Sir,—It is very kind indeed of Monsignor John M. T. Barton to instruct me in the pedantically exact way of giving references to the *Summa* of Aquinas—an interesting fact which I discovered for myself rather more than half a century ago. I thought, however, that any intelligent reader could find the passage from the quite sufficient reference I gave, and would see that the question 'of the relations of the saints to the damned' is settled by Aquinas in three articles: (1) that the blessed have a clear and uninterrupted view of the tortures of the damned, for otherwise their beatitude would be imperfect; (2) that the blessed in glory have no pity on the damned; and (3) that 'they shall rejoice in the punishment of the wicked'. At this point St. Thomas introduces a subtle but quite meaningless distinction. He says that the blessed do not rejoice in the pain of their fellow-creatures *per se*: but simply find in the eternal torments a delightful illustration of the divine justice.

We have to remember of course that Aquinas was not only a great mind—the master mind of the middle ages—but also just as crudely fundamentalist as Mr. Billy Graham. Full inspiration and absolute inerrancy were to be found in every line of the Bible; and as this contained several mentions of hell, the question of course became *de fide*. Moreover, it was quite a common sight to see men and women (Mrs. Knight may thank her stars she did not live in those days) burning at the stake for their heretical ideas. An *auto-da-fé* was pleasing in the sight of God; and the common people should be made to share that pleasure (though not, of course, *per se*). Mgr. Barton may remember the words of Eymeric: '*Expedi multitudinem congregari ad videndos reorum cruciatus et penas*'.

It is these pious reactionaries—and there are plenty of them about—who are Mrs. Margaret Knight's real opponents; people who see no cruelty in their God's creation and the martyrdom of man; and who are not shocked at the continuation of the cruelty in the after-life—the eschatology of the late Himmler, an everlasting concentration camp with eternally helpless victims.—Yours, etc.,

Bournemouth

HAROLD BINNS

Oxford and its Traffic Problems

Sir,—In his broadcast on Oxford's traffic problem (THE LISTENER, January 19), which was somewhat more controversial and tendentious than it purported to be, the Warden of All Souls made some statements which may easily lead to misunderstanding.

He said that Congregation disapproved the St. Giles road by a majority of over 400 to 10, preferred a Meadow road, and 'at the same time' declared its preference for intermediate

roads (north of the Parks and south of the Isis). In actual fact Congregation first (November 29) expressed categorically, unreservedly, and by majorities of respectively 7 to 1 and 8 to 1 (a) its opposition to the construction of any relief roads between Norham Gardens on the north and the Isis and New Cut on the south until the effect of a completed outer by-pass ring, better shopping facilities in Cowley, and better central parking facilities had been observed; and (b) its view that relief could best be given by intermediate roads north of the Parks and south of the Isis. Subsequently (December 7), under pressure from Hebdomadal Council, it voted hypothetically and reluctantly by a majority of 400 (to which the Warden referred) against a St. Giles road as opposed to a Christ Church Meadow road, if this grim choice were forced upon it; and (c) by a majority of 29 (to which the Warden did not refer) for a Meadow road as opposed to a St. Giles road. Here perhaps was some confusion of mind, but as against Mr. Sparrow's account, Congregation's categorical vote on November 29 makes the University's almost unanimous view perfectly plain. This has been clearly expressed to the Minister in a letter from the Registrar published in the *Oxford University Gazette* of December 22.—Yours, etc.,

G. R. G. MURE
Oxford (Warden of Merton College)

Sir,—May a member of a college not situated either in the High Street or in St. Giles, and which is a long way from Christ Church Meadows, offer some corrections on points of fact to the talk published in *THE LISTENER* of January 19 about Oxford's traffic problems, by Mr. John Sparrow, Warden of All Souls College? Mr. Sparrow, as all the world knows, has a front door opening on High Street and is no doubt a little too close to the problem to see it fully and truly.

First, he invents an imaginary conversation-alist who is made to say 'The Oxford traffic problem is the worst in England'. Its creator then comments on the view expressed by this ventriloquist's doll as follows: 'Everyone in Oxford seems agreed about that'.

This is very far from true. There is a large body of well-informed opinion in Oxford which holds that the whole matter has been grossly exaggerated. Since the restoration of Cornmarket Street to full use (after nearly two years of road-work upon it) and since the creation of the new Worcester Street beyond Nuffield College, there has been little serious traffic blockage in Oxford. At certain times of day it is more crowded than at others but it is never in a condition to deserve the extravagant comment of Mr. Sparrow's puppet. In the interests of truth we must forgo the vanity of saying that ours are the most crowded streets in England.

He later says that the University

in a formal meeting of Congregation expressed its disapproval of the proposed road [the one through St. Giles, offered as an alternative to one through the Meadows] by over 400 votes to 10, and declared that of the two it preferred a road across Christ Church Meadow.

The actual facts are given in the *University Gazette* for December 15, 1955, where it is stated that on November 29, Congregation, by a majority of 405 to 10 'unreservedly opposed any decision to construct inner relief roads between Norham Gardens on the north and the Isis and the New Cut on the south' before the effects of certain other measures (e.g., the completion of the outer by-pass roads, the creation of new shopping centres in Cowley, etc., etc.) had been observed.

Later, when forced to state what it would prefer under duress, if the worst came to the

worst, the University decided by 216 votes to 187 (a majority therefore of only 29) to prefer a road through Christ Church Meadow rather than through St. Giles. The majority in favour of this latter vote would have been even smaller, and perhaps not a majority at all, but for a very able speech by the Warden of All Souls, urging us all to vote for a road through Christ Church Meadow rather than through St. Giles if (as the motion suggested) these were the only choices before those planning new roads to ease Oxford traffic still further. It shows great modesty on his part that he has apparently forgotten all about his most adroit speech, which many of us will remember a long time.

Yours, etc.,

Exeter College, Oxford NEVILL COGHILL

France's New Political Party

Sir,—Having just read the talk (*THE LISTENER*, January 19) on the Poujadist movement in France I think you might be interested to read (in translation) an extract of a letter sent me by a French friend last week:

'With pleasure I give you the explanations you asked for. Indeed, Poujade found some of his first disciples among my family, and I would like you to tell the truth to your friends, the truth which the press everywhere in France and abroad tries to ignore, and which has provoked this "terrible" Poujadist movement which has surprised everyone—except us.

'You have known for a long time from having heard us talk about it that the middle classes of shopkeepers, artisans, small retired people, etc., have been crushed by taxes, literally pushed on the rubbish heap of society. We had a taxes strike to draw the attention of our rulers to our situation—we were given vague promises and then ignored . . . We are not jealous, but is it equitable that an official (*fonctionnaire*) who earns fr. 600,000 should pay only fr. 30,000 while we, if we make this profit in our business (fr. 600,000) from which must be deducted the risks of the trade (capital engaged, etc.) have to pay fr. 240,000? Moreover, we pay compulsorily to a pension fund which should give us at sixty-five about fr. 60,000 p.a., but if at that time our capital is valued at fr. 2,000,000 (about £2,000)—and this amount is quickly reached if one just has a small house or bit of land—one has no right to this pension. But the officials receive from 50 per cent. to 75 per cent. of their last salary as pension, which represents a pretty sum, without being asked to account for their property in houses or money.

'I only give you these examples, though I could cite quantities more, among others only this: the smallest teacher has the right to buy a car without being asked to account for it, or he can buy or repair a house, but beware the shopkeeper who allows himself such an outlay. If he does, that is a fraud against the fiscal laws and he is given a fine at least equivalent to the amount thus spent. Is that liberty? Poujade . . . has given us strength to live. Some call us communists, some fascists—we are neither. Only French people asking to be able to live honestly and freely in a strong and clean France. . . .

Yours, etc.,

London, W.6

W. M. LEOPOLD

Civil Service Pension Rights

Sir,—Mr. Self is in error in the penultimate paragraph of his letter (*THE LISTENER*, January 19) if he means that Civil Service Pensions are not subject to loss of real value by inflation. I retired in 1940 after forty years established service and in spite of a 10 per cent. increase my pension today is far below its 1940 value. The salary of the post which I occupied at retirement has since been increased 51 per

cent. purely to meet inflation. There is no other reason.—Yours, etc.,

Keighley

ALAN CAMERON

Modern Artist and Creative Accident

Sir,—Mr. W. Baring Pemberton (*THE LISTENER*, January 19) is right if he assumes that the psycho-analytical interpretation of unconscious phantasy cannot help us in judging whether or not some work of art is good. He asks whether the art critic is in a better position to do so by a formal analysis of artistic style and skill.

I do not think so. Only our naive (non-analytic) emotional reactions can tell us whether the whole personality of an artist has been engaged in creating a work of art, or whether he has merely employed facile skill. From the viewpoint of a purely formal analysis, academic mannerisms are often deceptively like the spontaneous creations of the unconscious mind. But our feelings will tell us that the 'doodlings' in Rembrandt's etchings come from a deeper source than the shading technique of an academic artist who may affect a nervous hand-writing in order to enliven an otherwise flat composition.

Modern 'doodling' art took the decisive step and brought the hidden world of artistic hand-writing into the open. The sudden revelation of its emotional power could not fail to shock us. Hence some may prefer a more derivative, manneristic art which uses enlarged doodlings as interesting textures, as we may find them on a mossy wall in John Piper's architectural landscapes. Not everybody can bear the acute emotional edge in more experimental modern art that hurts, yet delights, us.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.5

ANTON EHRENZWEIG

Sir,—Mr. Ehrenzweig uses 'The Magic Flute' as an example (*THE LISTENER*, January 12). I heartily agree with him as far as the plot is concerned. Mozart's unfeeling instinct leads him from a detective-story truth to a deeper psycho-logic (logic of the soul). But he also offers us, and this little detail Mr. Ehrenzweig overlooks, music which is of utmost perfection of form. True examples of *Gestaltpsychologie*.

If Mr. Ehrenzweig would or could comprehend the mixture of discipline and 'genius' as we find it already in the overture he might learn that his doodlers are only bad musicians working in the wrong medium.—Yours, etc.,

London, E.C.4

WALTHER GRUNER

Not . . . Likely

Sir,—Mr. Philip Hope-Wallace is undoubtedly right in criticising Miss Pat Kirkwood's 'Eliza' for betraying consciousness of the joke when speaking the famous line in 'Pygmalion'; but it is equally wrong for him to assert that 'the whole joke is that she thinks it the last word in the fashionable'. Surely it is perfectly plain that 'Eliza' is not thinking in terms of fashion at all, but comes out with the phrase in complete naturalness. It is Miss Eynsford-Hill, repeating the phrase a few moments later, who does it believing she is conforming to the latest smart fashion.—Yours, etc.,

Liverpool, 15

ALLAN M. LAING

When the Potato Vanishes

Sir,—Mr. Ben Webster (*THE LISTENER*, January 19) says steamed potatoes are unappetising because unsalted, but if he tries steaming them with their skins on he will find them excellent. Their natural salts are retained if unpeeled. The health-giving qualities of potatoes lie in and just under the skin and all are largely lost by peeling.—Yours, etc.,

Cromer

MARGARET BECHER

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Henry Clifford, V.C.: His Letters and Sketches from the Crimea. With an Introduction by General Sir Bernard Paget. Michael Joseph. 42s.

MANY IMPRESSIONS of the Crimean War have been published. This is indeed the second of an officer of the Rifle Brigade which the centenary has brought forth, the first being that of George Palmer Evelyn. Very few who served in the Crimea saw more than Henry Clifford. The Alma, Balaclava, 'Little Inkerman', Inkerman, and the assaults on the Mamelon, the Quarries, the Malakoff, and the Redan, are all vividly described. Clifford was also an eye-witness of the Tchernaya, though that was a 'wholly Franco-Sardinian victory. He began as A.D.C. to a brigadier of the Light Division and ended as its D.A.Q.M.G. These appointments may suggest a certain remoteness, but brigadiers took turns in the trenches. Clifford, too, was exceptionally enterprising. When on the Light Division staff he did all the ugly night work up forward because he knew the trenches and posts so much better than any of his colleagues. The son of Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, he was a member of a family which may be said to have set the standard of devout, aristocratic, English Roman Catholicism, and this family was the recipient of his letters. He was also an artist, and his sketches summon up the tragedies and miseries of the war.

He was a severe critic of the fumbling and muddling for which the troops paid so dearly. Even tactical leadership was often at fault, though this mattered relatively little because our amazing soldiers swept the Russians out of their path at almost any odds. Anyhow, it was not the Russians but disease, exposure, inadequate food, shortage of doctors and drugs, and often medical ignorance, that destroyed the army, so that by the early spring of 1856 it had been almost entirely replaced. The most fundamental weakness was simple and prosaic—lack of transport and fodder enough to keep what transport animals there were alive. Clifford scours these weaknesses with both brush and pen. He could not expose them—he was in fact afraid he was writing too much and anxious that his letters should be kept private—but he was glad to see them exposed. At the same time, he was a loyal and well-disciplined officer, as well as personally fond of Raglan and his staff officer Airey. He began by welcoming the disclosures of the correspondent of *The Times*, though to him W. H. Russell was 'a vulgar, low Irishman' who drank all the brandy and smoked all the cigars he could cudge from young officers. When officers began to write to *The Times* it became another matter. These letters, he wrote, 'stir up my bile to a fearful extent . . . it makes me furious to see Regimental Officers crying out "Stinking fish" when they have helped to make it so'. When *The Times* laid down what he considered absurd trench regulations and they were carried out, Clifford became angrily ironic at the expense of the editor.

Clifford spoke French and got on well with French officers. He became more and more convinced, however, that the British soldiers were the better and that the French were largely dependent for success on special troops, the Zouaves and Chasseurs de Vincennes. He was therefore distressed that the British should have to beg transport of their allies for supplies and for carrying sick and wounded down to Balaclava. He was even more saddened when the

French sealed the fate of Sebastopol with a resounding triumph in the storm of the Malakoff, whereas the British ended in failure to take the Redan. This was, however, after the British ranks had been filled with raw young soldiers because the grand veterans of the field battles had disappeared.

This book is well timed. The Victoria Cross was founded a century ago, on January 29, 1856. Clifford was one of the first group on whom it was bestowed. He received it for a heroic action at Inkerman. He was a fine character, and his letters and sketches make a fine volume.

The Best of Friends. Further Letters to Sydney Carlyle Cockerell. Edited by Viola Meynell. Hart-Davis. 25s.

To publish letters written to a correspondent during his life-time is a new fashion, and not altogether acceptable. If the recipient himself were responsible, we might suspect a topsy-turvy vanity—I may not be a great man myself, but see how many of the eminent I can claim as my friends! This collection of letters has been 'lovingly, meticulously, and unobtrusively' selected and edited by Mrs. Meynell, and may be regarded as an appendix to an earlier collection of letters to Sir Sydney published under the title *Friends of a Lifetime* (Cape, 1940). The new collection has nothing to compete with the letters from Ruskin, William Morris, Wilfrid Blunt, Hardy, and Doughty that made the first volume so interesting. Most of the letters are of comparatively recent origin, and only Bernard Shaw among the writers is of a stature comparable to Ruskin and Morris. Shaw's letters (mostly written on postcards) are brief, brusque, and breezy, but of no permanent value; and many of the letters from the rest of the fifty-seven contributors merely prove that letter-writing is a lost art. There are two exceptions—Freya Stark and T. H. White, with eighteen and ten letters respectively. The letters from these two correspondents are vivid and spontaneous, and Miss Stark's are wonderfully evocative of scene or event. We gather that she has written as many as 270 letters to Sir Sydney, and the few we are given suggest that if she writes in the same style to all her intimate friends, English literature may one day be enriched by a correspondence as good as Byron's.

There are letters from more famous or more important people, but most of these are disappointing. Alec Guinness is revealed as the possessor of a serious and searching mind, and there are characteristic letters from Walter de la Mare. The numerous letters from Siegfried Sassoon are somewhat disenchanting. During the second world war he writes exactly like the people he satirised during the first world war—the spiritual horror of what the Allies are contending against . . . we must defeat these powers of darkness . . . Germany must expiate the crimes committed by the Nazis', etc. Is this the same poet who wrote *Counter-Attack* (1918)? We gather that he has changed, and that Sir Max Beerbohm, professional dilettante that he is, is responsible—'no one will ever know how much he did to counteract my youthful crudities'. Counteract!

It is, indeed, a world of craftsmen and bibliophiles, of poets and connoisseurs, cultivating their private passions in a world they have renounced. The significant writers and painters of the period are conspicuously absent—and no wonder: we find Mr. Sassoon congratulating

Sir Sydney on writing to *THE LISTENER* to protest against 'that awful Matisse' reproduced on the cover of this periodical in 1952. 'But what about the bronze-marionettes called "The Square" (? Giacometti), which have created controversy? If that really is great art, have we been wrong all our lives about the things we admire?'. The answer, alas, is yes.

Mozart in Retrospect

By A. Hyatt King. Oxford. 30s.

Mozart's Letters

Edited and introduced by Eric Blom.

Penguin Books. 3s. 6d.

Mozart's bi-centenary falls at a time when his reputation and popularity, at least in the English-speaking world, are higher than they have ever been. And with popularity has grown a better understanding of the true quality of his musical genius. This is no accident or freakish whim in the history of taste. The nineteenth century produced its great romantic giants, whose towering stature seemed to dwarf even their most distinguished predecessors; and current aesthetic beliefs, based upon the tangible evidence of increasing prosperity in worldly affairs and increasing grandeur combined with great technical advances in the arts, pronounced that progress was synonymous with improvement. The absurdity of the idea is evident to us when we apply it to, say, a Victorian terrace-house as compared with its Georgian counterpart, which, no doubt, cost more and took longer to build. But it seemed less absurd to musical historians confronted with the genius of Beethoven. Moreover, as always happens, tastes changed. Rococo came to be regarded as merely trivial, the symbol of a discarded aristocracy and, in the worst sense, 'pretty'. Mozart likewise was a pretty composer, and the myth grew up of his angelic nature, while his early death evoked sentimental reflections on the theme, 'Whom the gods love die young'.

Certain compositions survived the change of fashion. The three last symphonies stood their ground; the 'Jupiter' in particular could not be denied its standing. The operas survived, often in sadly garbled forms, if only because in an age of great singing the music was so eminently singable. But the great mass of Mozart's music went unregarded, even the clavier concertos, whose worth the public has only learnt to appreciate during the past twenty years.

The aphorisms of Busoni, one of the prime movers in the Mozart revival, which are reprinted in the first chapter of Mr. Hyatt King's book of 'studies in criticism and biography', include: 'His sense of form is almost superhuman. Like a masterpiece of sculpture, his art, viewed from any side, is a perfect picture'. This unflinching sense of proportion enabled Mozart, even as Gluck had done before him in a narrower sphere, to create in his last years an ideal music, raised above personal feeling and marked by harmonious proportions. He achieved the 'noble simplicity and calm greatness' preached by Winkelmann, the initiator in the eighteenth-century revival of classicism.

This classical quality in Mozart's music leads Mr. King to draw a comparison with the ancient Greek poets and artists. But while it is true enough that, in a manner of speaking, Mozart's music has 'the same purity of line and thought' as 'a tragedy of Sophocles, an epigram of Simonides, or vases by masters such as Epictetus

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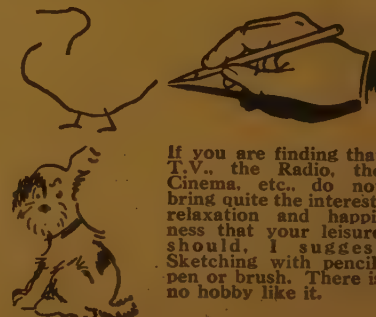
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er *Sotades*, it would be no less true, nor really more illuminating, to equate it with a poem by Li Po or a Sung vase. Mozart was a man of his time and the true source of his classicism is the revival of interest in ancient art, mostly Greco-Roman, stimulated by Winkelmann and reflected in the architecture and the decorative arts of the period, such as we may see in the current exhibition at Burlington House of English Taste in the Eighteenth Century.

English taste today is no less eclectic than it was two centuries ago, and it has even come round to an appreciation of the once-despised *rococo*, which assumed greater importance and more elegant forms in south Germany and Austria than it ever did here. Mr. King is on safer ground when he draws a comparison between Mozart's style and Neumann's archiepiscopal Residenz at Würzburg and his church at Vierzeheiligen. But it is unfortunate that a scholar generally so precise and accurate as Mr. King should describe these lovely examples of *rococo* architecture and decoration as 'baroque', and this just at a time when there is a growing appreciation of the distinction of the two styles. *Rococo* has been defined as 'a system of linear surface ornament', and there is no more obvious visual parallel for Mozart's early compositions up to the time of his rupture with Salzburg and his absorption of J. S. Bach's dynamic polyphony than the graceful curvilinear decorations of the mid-eighteenth-century palaces and churches, and the elegant attitudinising of the stucco and wooden sculptures.

Mr. King's bouquet of papers, the tribute of a true and learned Mozartian, is composed of the *immortelles* of scholarship mixed with some more evanescent flowers of musical criticism. It is as a bibliographer that Mr. King shines most brightly. His chapters on Köchel, the Breitkopf Gesamtausgabe and Jahn's biography, and, still more, his census of Mozart's autographs in libraries, are permanent contributions to musical scholarship, while his initial chapter, a historical study of Mozart's European reputation during the past two centuries, marshals the facts gathered by assiduous research in a masterly fashion. In other chapters, he publishes some discoveries, interesting if not important, concerning the Mozart family.

For biography, however, the most cherished book for English Mozartians must ever be Miss Emily Anderson's marvellous translation—marvellous because one still cannot quite believe that it could be so well done—of the Mozart correspondence. A selection of the letters, confined to those written by Mozart himself, has now been made by Dr. Blom and published in an inexpensive format. As such it is good value for money, for it contains nearly all the most important letters of Mozart, or at least substantial excerpts from them, with brief notes supplied by the editor to bridge the gaps between them. It is no substitute for the three-volume original, but will serve as an introduction to it and as an outline biography of the composer. Good, even in this shortened and somewhat condensed form, will serve to correct any lingering notions about an 'angelic' Mozart who was too good to live.

The Dark Child. By Camara Laye.

Translated from the French by James Kirkup. With an Introduction by William Plomer. Collins. 12s. 6d.

Camara Laye was born in a mud hut at Gouroussa in the hinterland of French Guinea. Her people were the Malinké tribe: they were Moslem by faith. His father was the village goldsmith and head of the cluster of huts that made up their cantonment. His mother was an impressively dignified woman, lovingly stern with her

children and impatient of the open-handed generosity of her easygoing husband. She had the gift of seeing into the future and had an immunity that made it possible for her, alone among all the women, to wash in the crocodile-infested Niger without fear.

In spite of their religion, the Malinké women did not wear the Moslem veil. Indeed, wherever Islam conflicted with tribal custom it was Islam that made the adjustment. And Islam seemed all the healthier for bowing to the fierce independence of the immensely dignified Malinké women. Islam had also to make room for tribal spirits and the little black snake that was the guiding spirit of Laye's father.

From this background, which he recalls with nostalgic tenderness, Laye went first to the local school, then, because he was a bright boy, he won a scholarship that took him on the long journey down to Conakry on the coast. And so the conflict between the tribal past and the western present was joined. It was not only a journey in distance but also a journey in time; for it cut the umbilical cord that held him to the past, and he at once took on some of the loneliness which is the price modern man pays for his individualism. The journey to France, which comes at the end, was now inevitable.

Laye's story is important for those who would understand a continent in turmoil. It is written in an austere, dignified prose charged with a sincerity that is heart-warming.

Pioneers in Gardening

By Miles Hadfield.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 15s.

This is a compilation; which need not be an abusive term, though reviewers are sometimes foxed by compilations. Shall they condemn out of hand? Or return the book to the literary editor with a polite 'No thank you'? Or admit that even scissors-and-paste can have its virtue, at least its use? Here, then, is a discursive sketch, or series of sketches, of gardening history and of great gardeners; from the digging-stick of primitive, or primeval, man to the sophistications of Gertrude Jekyll's colour border or Reginald Farrer's collection, cultivation, and praise of alpine.

Here the reader, innocent of the history of the science of plants and the craft of gardening, is instructed simply and amiably about the great William Turner, the engaging, rather ignoble Gerard, the gentle Parkinson, the energetic Linnaeus. Here he is taken to gardens from Padua's Orto Botanico or the Oxford Botanic Garden to the wide acres of Kew.

That it is not a book for the less innocent may be clear when Mr. Hadfield comes, for example, to William Turner and tells us 'He was a clergyman, generally in trouble with the authorities on account of his obstreperous nature. In 1548 he published *Names of Herbes* . . .'

This is poor treatment for a sturdy Protestant reformer, a remarkable scholar, a sceptical scientist, and compiler (that word again) of one of the most remarkable herbals of the sixteenth century. Or one might complain that Padua's cool, formal, and delicious Orto Botanico is referred to throughout a page or more in the past tense, without an inkling to the reader that it is still as much there in its tiny way as Kew Gardens.

Still, this book does not always stick to the familiar. If the author's sense of the co-ordinating points of history is a little hazy, facts about this garden or that, this fancy or another, are frequently unfamiliar and surprising; and it is pleasant to find the praise of a few biographical pages given to that busy, intelligent plant-breeder, Thomas Andrew Knight (1749-1838), brother of the more familiar Landscape Knight

or Priapus Knight, and a man who most eminently deserves a whole book to himself. Mr. Hadfield adds some of his own delicate drawings.

The East German Rising. By Stefan Brant. Thames and Hudson. 18s.

This book gives an exciting account of exciting events, the usual drag of translation being ably avoided. This is probably a faithful description of the risings in east Berlin, Magdeburg, Halle, and the rest, although there is little chance of checking up on piecemeal incidents of the kind. It is interesting to read here also of the smaller risings on the land, showing a solidarity between town and country, the possibility of which communists prefer to deny. In fact the delivery quotas had exasperated the farmers just as the raising of the norms had provided the last straw in industry. Mr. Brant's performance is a splendid piece of propaganda in no evil sense. It claims, not without justification, that the east German rising of June 1953 caused the fall of Beria and the reassertion of the military power in the U.S.S.R. since the Soviet army chiefs believed that this sort of thing placed Russia in danger.

But at this point Mr. Brant's weaknesses become apparent. His book is written in a spirit of ingenious patriotism which is no doubt sincere. History, however, claims attention for the fact that very much the same thing happened in Plzen and other industrial areas in Czechoslovakia a fortnight earlier, and, if the Soviet authorities were rudely shaken, the Czechs led the way. One is also tempted to remind Mr. Brant that the Poles are as much oppressed by the Russians as are the subjects of the German Democratic Republic; the rising of the latter provides no argument for or against the return of Breslau, today's Wrocław inhabited by Poles, to a future Germany. Finally there is an emotional inconsequence about anyone who can claim, as if it were incontrovertible, that true democracy derives from Rousseau's doctrine of the sovereignty of the general will, that plaything of demagogic despots.

No Paradise. By Robin King.

Arthur Barker. 12s. 6d.

A fault of this book appears to have been Mr. King's grim determination to write it. With the definite purpose in view of collecting material for a documentary of life in the Merchant Navy as seen by a member of the crew on a big liner, he journeyed some 128,000 miles; from Hamburg to Fiji in the South Seas, from Istanbul to the Pacific, and elsewhere. And at times the reader finds himself asking if the journey was really necessary. Had the experiences he relates taken him unawares, instead of being deliberately sought after as 'copy', the result might have been a good deal more worth while. So long as he is content to rely upon his competence as a journalist, and to allow his sense of humour full play, Mr. King can be sure of attention. It is when he attempts to create a mood, or to catch a particular scene he has fallen in love with, that we are reminded more of a stage set than of nature. He has not the gift of a born travel-writer. Anyone, however, who enjoys a 'behind-the-scenes' account of an occupation unfamiliar to him (in this case the daily life of a steward afloat) should be rewarded, and at the same time entertained. But it is a pity that Mr. King has made up his mind to leave nothing out, because by doing so he gives the impression of putting too much in. And he would do well, if further adventures in other spheres are contemplated, to use more discrimination in the selection of his material.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Birds, Bells, and Butterflies

FACTUAL TELEVISION, which is not the perfect synonym for 'documentary' but makes a change, found its best expression last week in two programmes, one in the naturalists' 'Look' series, dealing with bird and animal tracks in the snow, and the other illustrating traditional skills in a Leicestershire bell foundry. Both were good television because pictorial appeal was their mainstay. There was always a compelling picture on our screens.

The tracks in the snow, in 'Look', were as beautifully expressive as a Shakespeare song



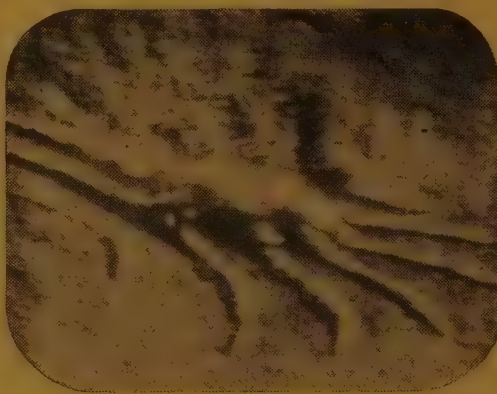
As seen by the viewer: 'Tracks and Signs' in the 'Look' programme on January 18: left, a woodpecker lodging a nut in a tree; right, wing-print in the snow after a bird has taken flight

about winter, a simple thought conveying essential truth. Seen through our little luminous window on the world, the rabbit tracks were like the hieroglyphics of a vanished race. Nothing could more vividly depict the myxomatosis visitation. Peter Scott and his fellow naturalists in the programme would do well by us to put on their agenda a look into the subsidiary effects of the plague and especially that bearing on the fate of our English song birds. Word came to me recently from the West Country of buzzards and kestrels now seizing them in greater numbers. The naturalists of 'Look' can perhaps throw light on that situation, which is capable of disturbing a widespread sentiment.

Last week's edition was enriched by the lore of a Yorkshire gamekeeper, with Maxwell Knight, of golden eagle fame, also there to assist in reading the signs, among which were some wing-prints of intriguing origin. This is a soothing series; its red-in-tooth-and-claw reminders seem less horrid than jet aircraft smashing into peaceful market towns. 'Look' tells us where serenity can still be found, and that is a small consolation even to those who have not the time to seek it. Except to cynical minds, the repeating of these programmes in Children's Television offers no point of criticism. For me, one of last week's pleasures was in watching the programme again in the company of a little boy of seven. His sharp interest in country matters was first kindled by television. Already it has empowered him to echo that voice in 'Antony and Cleopatra' which says: 'In Nature's infinite book of secrecy, A little I can read'.

Similarly, 'The Bell Founder' was effective

in enticing us away from the clamorously topical concerns of the week to an industrial byway which might belong to a different planet from that of Donald Campbell's water-speed records and the new weird-sounding supersonic contrivance about which Sir Roy Dobson, of Avro, was eloquently mysterious last week. The setting, for this, was Loughborough, where a local firm is well into its third century of bell making. We saw with relief that none of the ingenuities of modern science was going to be displayed to us, for the excellent reason that they have not supplanted the skill of the craftsman's eye and hand. We were seeing methods that have been used since bell founding began, so antiquated that horse manure is still a prime ingredient of the moulding process.



Hence, for once the explanatory part was enjoyably non-technical. No commentary jargon buzzed about our ears. The programme had its own distinction and, reflecting, I would say that it came from the uncorrupted individuality of the men in it. They were not servants or extensions of the machine. The producer was one of the younger television men of the B.B.C., David Martin; a feather in his cap.

'Frontiers of Science' wrenched us ruthlessly back into the contemporary situation, demanding our earnest attention to the dangers of space travel and to aspects of medical knowledge which research in the upper atmospheres is bringing us. We saw doctors testing pilots under varying air pressures (not new on television) and heard their accounts of what is being

done to take care of the hardy spirits who mean to beat the present upward-flight record of seventeen miles. Organising it all must have been quite a thing; setting up the demonstration apparatus, they said, involved a number of problems and much time. In addition, the producer, James McCloy, had to provide film inserts and diagrams. Speaking for myself, the result was never enthralling. I can but report that my stock of miscellaneous information was slightly and, I fear, uselessly augmented and that as picture, something to look at, the programme was not the best that documentary television can do.

Space travel has not, I think, been proposed as an aid to social reconstruction, and the outside broadcast from 'Friendship House', Wandsworth, London, S.W., seemed much more to the point than discovering whether there are citizens' advice bureaux on Mars. The cameras disclosed several sides of an experiment in rearranging lopsided lives, particularly young lives. I doubt if the practical application of the Christian idea has been more convincingly shown on television. One of the novelties was a beauty class for young girls who want to make the best of themselves with or without benefit of religious exercises prescribed by the governing auspices, which are Wesleyan Methodist. It meant that we were spared the fee-earning gush of such programmes as 'Is This Your Problem?' (B.B.C.) and 'As Others See Us' (Associated-Rediffusion). Here is the place to say, also, that the last two B.B.C. Sunday-night epilogues have admirably conformed to the basic television requirement of pictorial value. The rector of All Souls, Langham Place, London, the Rev. J. R. W. Stott, used a butterfly life-cycle film in his brief thesis, which was all the more vivid for it, while Professor John Foster, of Glasgow University, completely held our attention with his photographs and interpretations of stones bearing evidence of Christianity in China six hundred years ago. His personal style proved to be well suited to the task of communicating his discoveries to a mass audience.

The Priestley book talks seem to be taking hold. Last week's introduced C. Day-Lewis, alias Nicholas Blake, a pleasant encounter in which the future of the crime novel was discussed. The other commanding personal appearance of the week was that of the Prime Minister, giving a party political broadcast. A consistently good picture of him enabled us to judge for



'The Bell Founder', televised from a foundry at Loughborough on January 19: left, bells being tested; right, a bell cast in 1330



Photographs: John Curran

oneselves whether or not the cares of life seem to be weighing as heavily on him as some of his critics say. He saw that he had a vigilant eye on the clock.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Seen any Glamazons?

WHO ARE—or, perhaps one should ask, what are—Glamazons? I still do not know though I sat all through 'Round the Bend', a relentlessly raucous show in which a suave announcer, Peter Haigh, was encouraged, mistakenly, I thought, to play the stooge for the low comedy. Leading the list otherwise in *Radio Times*, a journal of factual precision, are the words 'Dawn White and the Glamazons'. The name conjured up nothing much. Sea-lions, perhaps, of the sort which play *Annie Laurie* punching taxi horns with their noses? Or perhaps people from some town and place, on the analogy of lamorganists or Glaswegians? Then some friendly fellow told me the word was merely a running together of the adjective glamorous and the word amazons; a legendary tribe of women who were reputed to suppress their right breast (i.e., Greek A—without, amazos—the breast) in order the better to draw a long bow. But none of the ballerinas or comic cockney charladies or sopranos who contribute to this programme seemed to answer this notion of an amazon, let alone a glamorous one, and though there was one very powerful lady who pressed her male partner about like a feather, she was quite clearly identified as 'Carmen' attached to her 'Mario' by a Spanish 'y'.

Mr. Jon Pertwee, a sort of poor man's Danny Kaye, worked very hard and was most amusing in a burlesque of one of those awful commercial prize-lusting programmes. The show was produced with a strikingly impoverished idea of sight lines, as if the very first television camera had been brought back to do single service for this show. Perhaps the Glamazons were there, after all, like gremlins, just out of range of vision?

The programme immediately ahead of this was the first of a series of 'Tales from Soho', a numdrum, absurdly 'glamorised' locality. The best of these innocent pieces, which had a rather elaborate and forced Henry sort of twist to it, conjured up a very different picture of life in Soho from that presented by certain newspapers: i.e., hotbed of vice, corruption, and violence. On the contrary, Alfie Bass, mugging like mad, was shown as able to get a bowl of noodle soup (and a pot of vinegar) out of Lucie Mannheim and Meier Tzelniker on the strength of an implausible hard-boiled story. Soho-fancier, myself, did not quite believe in this. All three actors mentioned are first-rate artists and the latter two were presented as Italians, though their accents are brilliantly defined and unmistakably Jewish, with Yiddish formations of English quite unlike those made by Italians; but one of them gave the kind of performance you might expect of a fine artist. The production by Tony Richardson seemed assured enough, so one must suppose that



Scene from 'The Fiddle' in 'Tales from Soho' on January 21, with (left to right) Aldwyn Francis as Beppi, Meier Tzelniker as Giuseppe Luccini, Lucie Mannheim as Bina, and Alfie Bass as Bela

the fault was just a matter of insufficient rehearsal. I think there is an important point here: when you get an actress such as Miss Mannheim, an artist equal to the full and subtle demands of Ibsen (say) and see her below par and used apparently trivially, you are in the presence of a tiresome sort of artistic devaluation. A true artist ought never to suffer so. I mean that. If Melba or Flagstad cared to unbend and sing 'The Waters of Minnetonka' or 'Homing' it was not to sing them technically less finely than Mozart's 'L'amero' or the 'Liebestod'.

However, these tales from darkest London are evidently going to be an improvement on the dreadful underworld 'Adventures of Annabel' or the equally corny and irritating 'I Led Three Lives', in which an F.B.I. undercover man with many a jovial sneer lands 'commie' minnows after a great deal of trawling. The only thing I find to admire about these rather silly, spy-scared American films is the authenticity of the filmed backgrounds: Grand Central, the shack suburbs of America, or those vulnerable drawing-room railway coaches where stout strangers can slump down beside you and simply smother you with boring bonhomie. Richard Carlson as the double-crossing cover man does a lot of thinking aloud—it might be the goon show. *Thinks:*

'If this goes on much longer, they'll suspect me'. His eyes glitter in righteous but furtive guile.

Very Welsh weekend indeed—isn't it?—with visits to Twickenham, Treorchy, and Pengarth. 'The Corn is Green', arguably Emlyn Williams' best play, came over movingly, but a little too rushed (without any intervals or sense of time passing) and with some of its vivid theatrical sketches looking a little too large—the cockney cook, the slut, the fluttery miss, and the wild Welsh zealot. On the stage, with each getting his or her laugh, the rhythm of this comedy settles down perfectly. Here it choked sometimes, though the play is so sure of itself, even up to the slightly preposterous ending—for Miss Moffat's proxy motherhood is literally inconceivable—that we are unlikely to resist. What counts is of course the Welshness of the 'pit pony' who gets his scholarship—and in this Hugh David was admirable; and, secondly, the feeling put behind Miss Moffat's devotion. Flora Robson was very moving, as she often is, when perplexed or relieved (the sigh of relief that she had guessed one of the history questions in advance). What was less convincing was the strong-mindedness and the scene of assumed feminine humility to dupe the squire. But all in all it made a wonderfully live and human evening of play-watching. If only all Sunday plays could reach such a level, how little the B.B.C. need fear competition.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Lightning and Flame

SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN HAS SAID OF early Irish literature that 'we find ourselves wandering in delighted bewilderment through a darkness shot with lightning and purple flame'. Certainly that must be so with anyone who comes freshly to the tale of 'Diarmuid and Grainne', of which Padraic Fallon has made a new radio play (Third). I own to something of a passion for these Celtic myths, probably—though this may be irrelevant—because of their welter of proper names. It is easy to get drunk on names, and when a dramatist begins by pouring out Diarmuid, Grainne, Caoilte, Diarraing, Aodh, and Aonghus, not to speak of the Giant, Master of the Quicken-tree, some of his hearers are overcome at once by Celtic hospitality. But I must report also that Mr. Fallon has an imagination bright with lightning and purple flame, and that, thanks to his way with the sounding word, he can establish us without trouble in the kind of prehistory where practically anything can happen.

Practically everything does in this play. True, we have to be persuaded that all the young men of Ireland, from Antrim to Kerry, are aware of Grainne, the daughter of Cormac, the High King, as she walks in the tall garden of Tara. Her face is a distraction to the men of Ireland: in other circumstances it might have launched as many ships as Helen's and burned the topless towers. It was, I found, a handicap that Adrienne Corri's



'The Corn is Green' on January 22, with (left to right) Flora Robson as Miss Moffat, Gillian Lind as Miss Ronberry, and Hugh David as Morgan Evans

voice did not suggest to me the overwhelming quality of Grainne. A difficult thing, certainly, to ask of any actress. Miss Corri kept me wishing for visual aid; something misted the glass of the imagination. Elsewhere, no trouble. Paul Connell brought up Diarmuid, and if anyone could make me believe in a 'Giant, 'Master of the Quicken-tree', Norman Shelley would be the man. He had here a lavish boom and rumble; and Willoughby Gray appeared to have studied the habits of a Green Planet, a peculiarly menacing Northman. Good; and I was happy in particular with William Devlin, who was Finn, hearing in Grainne's laugh a taunt and a challenge. Diarmuid said, unkindly, of Finn, 'You are bare like a nerve within my wisdom tooth'; but Mr. Devlin's superb sombre diction lives with me. I shall remember that when he said to Grainne, 'You raid my dark with torches', he said it as if he meant it: we were able to take the phrase as one of Finn's likely declarations, not as an author's caprice. This is the kind of voice we want to hear from the purple-shot deeps of prehistory. I much preferred the play to Mr. Fallon's earlier and modern 'Steeple Jerkin'; we must hope that he will be our guide again into the myth-world (preferably with William Devlin, and with Frederick Bradnum once more to direct).

The Irish heroes, with their attractive and punctilious habit of addressing each other as someone's son or grandson, would have been worried by a modern Serviceman's understatement. Those myth-men loved to throw their chests and brag. The R.A.F. and Naval types of Nevil Shute's 'Landfall' (Home) reduce everything to a clipped sentence: it is what a listener calls, rather self-consciously, their 'special devil-may-care defence mechanism'. Mr. Shute's narrative of a pilot—wrongly suspected of a tragic error—who comes out at last in glory, proved to be a reasonably exciting play in a version by Stephen Grenfell. Here and there it was too noisy, and I could never grasp exactly—my own fault, of course—the technical details of an all-important experiment. Not, perhaps, that this mattered: a pleasant performance by Geoffrey Matthews kept us interested in the man (at Tara he would have been hailed as 'Roderick, grandson of' somebody richly unpronounceable), and we did not worry much about his task.

A good show, undoubtedly; there was plenty of thunder and flame in, around, and over Portsmouth. Janette Richer as the perspicacious barmaid, Leslie Perrins as a naval gruff-and-grum who repented, and Brewster Mason in a two-minute portrait completely rounded, took us back to a period, not so far off, that can stir us quicker than the Dark Age can: that age of Diarmuid and the Green Planet and Caolte of the flying feet.

We had plenty of atmosphere in 'Day of Wrath' (Home): the keening of wind across the steppes; and a grand stampede of Mongol horse-men behind the yak-tail banner of the new Genghis Khan. I fear that the drumming hooves, Donald McWhinnie's general way with the background, meant more to me than the persons of Lydia Ragosin's drama: scientists searching for the endemic area of a world-blistering plague. In spite of much vigorous speaking by Stephen Murray and Howard Marion-Crawford, the people we left at last in their beleaguered camp remained pinned to the dramatist's page. (I wonder if Mr. Murray grows tired of these bitter, uncompromising figures.) After the lightning and purple flame it was quite a relief to reach 'Hancock's Half-Hour' (Light) which went vaguely Ruritanian. If not wildly hilarious, it was at least never bored like a nerve within my wisdom tooth.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Moral Problems

IT WAS LARGELY in my role of critic that I marked 'James Martineau (1805-1900)', a Third Programme talk by Alfred Hall, D.D., as one of the items for my listening last week, although the more than usually copious note under the announcement in *Radio Times* suggested that I might find it interesting on my own account. But for that note I might have avoided the talk because, for reasons I cannot fathom, the names of James Martineau and his sister Harriet were very familiar to me and were linked, although I hadn't read a word of their writings, with a vague feeling of repulsion. How strange! Perhaps in my childhood I overheard a disapproving remark about them or, after I had begun to read, some mention of them in a book had set me against them. Whatever the cause, this slight prejudice continued until last week when it was abolished by Dr. Hall's extraordinarily interesting talk on James Martineau's conception of the relation between philosophy and religion. In his youth Martineau was apprenticed to a civil engineer and during this period he became deeply interested in science; but finding science insufficient as an explanation of the cause of life he turned to moral and metaphysical speculations and at twenty-two he became a Unitarian minister.

Martineau held that the material universe shows the divine will in action and that there is only one universal moral order. The law of right, he said, is as universal as the law of gravitation, and conscience is the mandate of a perfect will. As expounded by Dr. Hall Martineau's philosophy seems to provide as sound an intellectual basis for religious faith as it is possible to require.

A different aspect of moral law, namely the laws imposed by the state, was the subject of a Home Service programme called 'The Wall is Strong', in which we were given a realistic impression of 'life inside Her Majesty's Prison at Belfast, written and presented by Gethyn Stoodley Thomas'. Mr. Thomas was given permission to take a recording unit and microphone into the prison during five days and record his talks with nearly a score of prisoners who had volunteered to be interviewed. Each talk took place in the prisoner's cell and Mr. Thomas was free to question him on his feelings and views about the routine and general conditions of prison life with the microphone as the only intruder on their conversation, Mr. Thomas' assistant with the recording unit being outside in the corridor. He also recorded talks with prison officers, chaplains, visiting officials, and the Deputy Governor. The minimum of noises needed to give a sustained impression of the surrounding scenes was included. With selections from all these recordings Mr. Thomas built up a programme which lasted an hour. I found it engrossing from beginning to end. It is important that we should know more not only of prisons and prison life but of the psychology of crime and the types of men and women who get themselves shut up. Mr. Thomas must have used in this programme only a fraction of the material he recorded and so I hope we shall have more of such broadcasts.

In the first of three talks on 'The *Mal du Siècle*' Robert Baldick discoursed interestingly and amusingly on 'The Ailing Heroes', those vaguely unhappy characters, descendants of Goethe's Werther, who crop up in Chateaubriand's *René*, Musset's *La Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle*, and other nineteenth-century French novels—young men whose sufferings may seem, to us hard-working and perhaps too intolerant people of today, to spring largely from excess of spare time.

Excess of spare time and the effects of long imprisonment are evils which must afflict many though not it seems all, of the inmates of our zoos. In a sequence of poems called 'Zoo' Esme Hooton has described with a keen observation and feelings of pity, admiration, or amusement the lion, tiger, hippopotamus, antelope, various monkeys, birds, snakes, and other creatures. The acuteness with which the most graphic and typical features and gestures of each have been spotted and set down in the simplest language makes these poems a pleasure to the ear and the mind's eye, and the readings by Derek Hart, Mary Watson, Elizabeth Melville, and Derek Hart, which were each exactly suited to the mood of the poem, made them even more attractive to listen to.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Conductors' Miscellany

THE ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY last week offered its subscribers in the Festival Hall and the larger listening audience outside an oddly heterogeneous programme. It began with Haydn's Symphony in G (No. 88), of which Sir Malcolm Sargent and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra gave a capital performance. Haydn's forthright style, which Warde Fowler long ago likened to 'prose' in contrast to Mozart's 'poetry', seemed to match the conductor's own temperament and so, besides the finished playing we expect from his orchestra on such an occasion, there was a masculine vigour which brought the music fully to life.

A new work by Rubbra followed—an 'Improvisation' for violin and orchestra, in effect a concertante fantasia, in which the composer once more proceeds to evolve music from a germinal idea. The danger of the process is obviously, that the music will ramble inconsequently. But Rubbra never fails to organise his material, keeping it in order by his skill in polyphony. So, while the appearance of spontaneity is maintained, as though the work was being 'made up' as it proceeds, there is never any uncertainty about its sense of direction. As in his other recent compositions, the texture is clear. Rubbra is not a great orchestral colourist as Elgar was, but he no longer overloads his scores, and in this latest work the violin, sensitively played on this occasion by Frederick Grinke, goes singing blithely through a delightfully painted landscape.

From this sane out-of-doors music we passed next into the stuffy hot-house of Scriabin's 'Poème de l'Extase'. Like Schönberg later Scriabin tried to construct a new scale to replace the old diatonic modes. The synthetic product of his invention served to obliterate the landmarks of tonality, already worn down by Wagnerian chromaticism. But Scriabin had not Schönberg's intellectual capacity, and, while his harmonic system may be accepted as a satisfactory vehicle for the blend of theosophy and eroticism he wished to express, the 'Poème' now seems a sprawling, boneless monster incapable of supporting its own mass in an upright posture.

Sir Edward Elgar's Second Symphony, which completed the programme, was composed about the same time and employed, likewise, the large forces of fifty years ago to produce an opulent and magniloquent effect. But, whatever Elgar wished to depict in his symphony—whether it was the Edwardian era which had passed its zenith and was about to be swept away, or whether it was some conflict in his own soul—Elgar kept his attention fixed upon the main duty of a composer, which is to organise his music into a coherent form. So his symphony continues to give pleasure, while Scriabin's 'poem' seems as spineless and futile as the

otic cult it was designed to forward. Sargent did what he could to make the poem sound well, and, as he repeated it on Sunday afternoon, one must assume that he finds the music, whatever its faults, fun to conduct. The symphony was evidently something more than that, for he gave it the best performance I have heard from him in a work by Elgar.

The same evening in the Third Programme Sir John Barbirolli directed the Hallé Orchestra in another oddly assorted programme which culminated in a performance of Brahms' Fourth Symphony. The first part consisted of 'conductor's pieces', of which Ibert's symphonic study

—in reality a series of sketches—of Don Quixote was a novelty, though a disappointing one. For it did not rise sufficiently above its original purpose as film-music to stand translation to the concert-hall. The symphony was given a performance which I would have called excellent in finish and in shapeliness, but for a tendency to make the points too obviously. One had the impression that Barbirolli had played the work too often, and, avoiding routine, was being just a little over-emphatic.

After a promising start Sauguet's 'Les Caprices de Marianne' on Sunday became rather a bore to listen to without the visible scene.

There was not enough variety of pace, the heroine seemed rather too little capricious, and the narrative, though helpful to understanding, further slowed down the action by chopping it into short sections. Later in the evening Humphrey Searle initiated a new series of talks, whose ambitious design is to expound modern processes of composition. Searle's assignment was Schönberg, and he succeeded beyond all expectation in elucidating Schönberg's practice—a welcome change from the darkened counsel we were offered last time this composer was discussed.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

The String Quartets of Hindemith

By COLIN MASON

The first of six programmes which will include all of Hindemith's string quartets will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 7.20 p.m. on Monday, January 30

OF Hindemith's six string quartets, probably the only one that many listeners today would recognise as completely characteristic of the composer is No. 5. He wrote his first four (excluding an unpublished student work originally designated Op. 2, but not now numbered by the composer among his acknowledged quartets) in quick succession between 1919 and 1923 and then waited twenty years before he wrote a fifth (1943) followed two years later by a sixth, so far his last. Thus they do not, like, say, the Bartók quartets, exemplify the various mature phases of the composer's development, but show in detail the rapid early development of a brilliant but nevertheless immature composer, then leap suddenly direct to the style of his middle age.

No. 1, Op. 10, is in F minor, and is strongly influenced in the first and last of its three movements by some of Beethoven's F minor traits, with some debt also to Strauss, and, still more, in the very chromatic middle movement (a set of variations) to 'Tristan'. Here and there, in rhythm, figuration, and texture, the personality that was to emerge later can already be detected, and it becomes stronger in No. 2, Op. 16, in C, also in three movements. Even here, however, it is still only intermittent, and the last movement could almost be mistaken, in its slightly exotic, very un-German folk-dance vein, probably unique in Hindemith's music, for a piece by Kodály. It is only in Nos. 3 and 4, Op. 22 and 32, that the real early mature Hindemith appears, a composer now almost forgotten, then still under thirty but already master of his art, with a very distinctive idiom and style, and a fertile, vigorous, free, daring invention, uninhibited and unpruned by the caution and wisdom of his later years. Although to our ears thirty years later No. 3 now sounds slightly less masterly than it probably then seemed, making some of its effects, especially in the third movement, by harmonic gestures, then arresting rather than logical—and no longer even very arresting, having since become the commonplaces of a thousand bad composers—it is still exciting and rewarding to hear, and still one of the most imaginative and finest of Hindemith's works, rarely surpassed in the power of its content, in the originality of its five-movement design, in the variety of those movements, in the energy, freedom, and range of its language, or in the all-encompassing coherence of what used to be called its 'atonal' tonal organisation.

No. 4 is even finer. Here Hindemith has already seen through that element of magnificent harmonic fake in No. 3, and has taken care to eradicate it by an almost entirely contrapuntal style of writing and a totally and strictly thematic method of motivic musical develop-

ment. The first two movements develop almost entirely in fugal and canonic imitation, and the last movement, after the interlude of the March, is an extended passacaglia on a seven-bar ground closely related to the principal theme of the first movement, played twenty-eight times, always in the same key, but in different parts and with varying degrees of elaboration in the ornamentation of the subject itself, as well as in the contrapuntal texture above and around it, leading finally into a fugato coda consisting almost entirely of entries of the opening motive of the same subject in perpetual stretto.

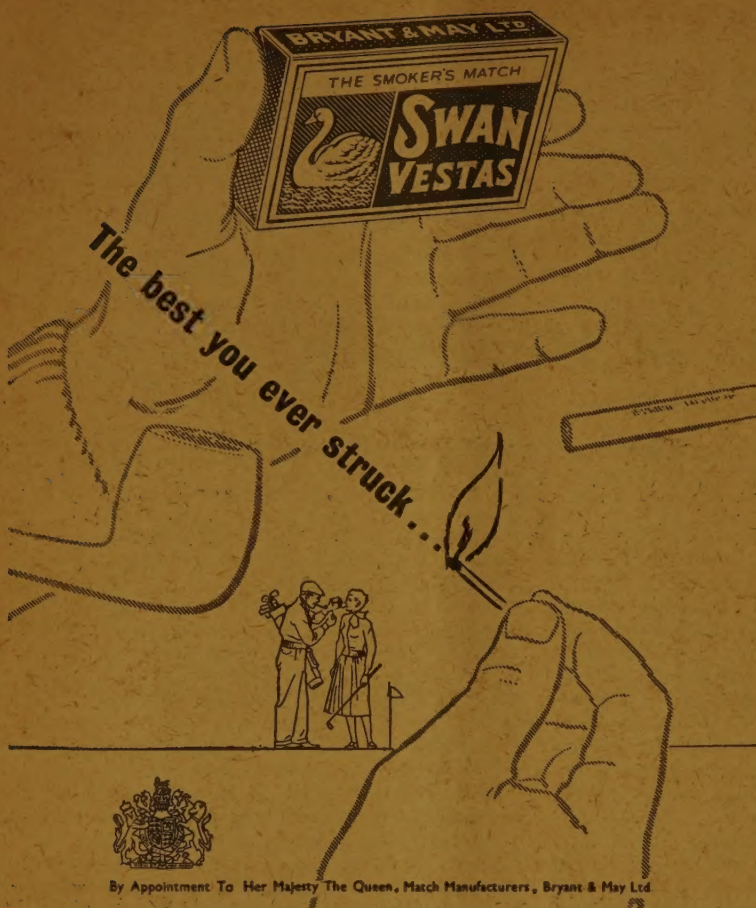
Yet with this strict thematicism, No. 4 is no less exciting and direct in its impact than No. 3. Players and listeners, however, have never taken to it quite so well, and fine as it is, their preference for No. 3 can be understood. For in the very virtue that makes No. 4 the finer work, in its eradication of all that was mere thrilling sound and no more in No. 3, it does show the first hint of that curbing and gradual inhibition of imagination and free invention, for the sake of consistency with a rational harmonic theory, which increasingly characterises Hindemith's subsequent works. It is only a hint, but it is sufficient to provide at least the foundation of a bridge across the enormous gap that separates No. 4 from No. 5. This is almost a text-book example of late Hindemith, and to turn to it immediately after No. 4 startlingly reveals the change his style has undergone. But No. 5 too offers, from the other side of the gap, a straw of continuity with the earlier quartets, or at least with No. 4, for the listener to clutch at, a continuity not so much in any clear relationship of style as in similarity of design and thematic method.

It is in four movements, of which the third is a set of variations on a theme that could be considered, in its general tonal and rhythmic shape, a not too distant relative of the passacaglia theme of No. 4, treated, in the early variations at least, in a passacaglia-like manner; and the work as a whole is thematically unified by a cyclic technique similar to that of No. 4, all the main themes of the first three movements being combined, and the relationship between them revealed, in the last movement. In musical quality, too, and to some extent in character, No. 5 is near to No. 4. Unlike that, it is purely lyrical, the most sustainedly so of all Hindemith's later works, with none of the rather mechanical pages that mar some of them, and with occasional passages of almost indulgent lyrical beauty. Its seemingly very different character, however, is founded on much the same kind of strictly thematic contrapuntal severity, grown more serene by the cleansing and purification of the harmony and texture from

every youthful recklessness, affectation, and superfluity. This combination of severity, reticence, and serene lyricism gives No. 5 a perfectly poised classical beauty that entirely compensates for the more fiery vitality of Nos. 3 and 4, and places it beside them among his finest works.

The lyrical style is continued in No. 6, which is in the same key, E flat, and similarly moves to B in its third movement. Here, however, the lyricism is slightly less convincing, for it is not supported by the contrapuntal severity, and is either too much or too little of the whole. The second and fourth movements, one a terse scherzando movement in rondo form, with two very brief trio-episodes, the other an extended canon, elaborate in construction but in character similarly scherzo-like, are excellent pieces in Hindemith's wittiest vein, probably freer in fantasy and invention even than anything in No. 5, but the canon is not a satisfying conclusion to the work, being too light in character, by its wit, and too heavy in sheer contrapuntal weight, despite its wit, for the lyrical first movement. The fault is not so much in the fourth movement as in this first, and in the main central section, distantly related to it, of the third movement. These were obviously intended to be, despite their lyrical character, correspondingly light in thematic and structural weight, but Hindemith has merely made them thin, by the use of a harmonically decorative rather than melodic kind of counterpoint, not characteristic of him and slightly weak in effect.

In spite of this slight weakness in No. 6, the break in style between Nos. 4 and 5, and the immaturity of Nos. 1 and 2, the six quartets as a series are sufficiently consistent in quality to have a good chance of a permanent place in the repertory. They have, moreover, one possibility of relative popularity that will never be open to Bartók's or Schönberg's quartets, in that they are much less difficult to play. They are written by a chamber-music player for chamber-music players, with a conservative string technique restrained perhaps by almost too intimate a knowledge of the medium. Players capable of tackling Brahms or Dvořák need not despair of managing these. In this conservatism of technique they fulfil a conservative function of chamber music, that of providing for those domestic performers, amateur and professional, who have always been the backbone of the chamber-music public. Domestic chamber-music playing is gradually dying out, and the advantage to Hindemith's quartets in being the only major modern ones accessible to those few who do keep it up is thus very slight. But it is an advantage, and since their fitness for this old function of chamber music is not preserved at any expense of their fitness for the new, it may tell.



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For the Housewife

'Anti-Freeze' Drill

By FRANK PRESTON

FROST too often brings the fear of frozen water-pipes and memories of the discomfort of a house without water and with a cold kitchen boiler. With a little forethought, serious freezing can usually be prevented. And if the pipes and water tank in your loft are well lagged there is not a great deal to worry about. If they are not lagged, I do not think you will feel disposed to deal with them in mid-winter. But there are a few simple things you can still do with advantage. Most important is to stop all draughts, especially near water pipes. Make a trip into the loft to see if any daylight shows through between the eaves and the floor. If it does, stuff up the open gaps with sacking or old clothes. Make a thorough job of this, because icy draughts are far more likely to cause freezing than is a low temperature alone.

Then check up in the lavatory and bathroom, especially if there are any exposed pipes. Our bathroom and lavatory are on a northerly wall, so I seal off the ventilators each winter—or at least I have done since 1938, when the pipes last froze: One simple method is to cover the ventilator—whether it is in the window or the wall—with a sheet of cardboard secured with adhesive tape. 'I' camouflage my cards with a piece of matching wallpaper. If you cover the ventilator in the bathroom, see that the window is opened a little whenever the bath is in use; you need extra air when the room is full of steam.

It is obvious that freezing cannot occur if you keep the whole house warm. But that is seldom

possible. Do not forget, though, that there is a fine margin between freezing and a free flow of water. Just one degree can make all the difference, so a small paraffin heater in the lavatory and another near the cold water tank will give good protection. For safety, choose the kind of heater made for use under a motor-car engine. But even a candle standing in a saucer, with an upturned flower-pot over it, is a good make-shift.

If the floor of your loft is not insulated, it is a good idea to leave the trap-door open in frosty weather, so that some warmer air can reach the tank and pipes. We do this in our house and—for additional comfort as well as frost protection—we have a small portable heater in the hall. When conditions are particularly bad we take the heater on to the landing.

But what if a pipe does freeze? The main thing is to thaw it out as soon as you can. If nothing happens when you turn on a tap, wrap some rags soaked in hot water over the tap, and over any exposed pipe, and then pour boiling water over the rags. After a minute or two you should hear clicking noises, which tell you that the ice is thawing. Soon afterwards water will start to flow. If it does not, pour on some more boiling water, and trace back the pipe as far as you can, putting more hot swabs on it.

When more than one tap is affected, or if you do not hear water running into the tank after drawing hot water, it might mean that the tank is frozen. If it is, do not draw any more

hot water until the fault has been cleared. Pour a kettleful of boiling water over the ice and apply hot swabs to the ball valve until water starts to flow through it again. The same treatment is suitable for a frozen lavatory cistern.

If you take quick action along the lines I have suggested you can feel fairly confident that serious freezing—with the danger of a burst pipe—will be avoided.—Home Service

Notes on Contributors

ROY JENKINS (page 127): M.P. (Labour) Stechford Division of Birmingham since 1950; author of *Mr. Balfour's Poodle*, etc.

TERENCE PRITTE (page 129): *Manchester Guardian* correspondent in Germany.

MICHAEL TIPPETT (page 135): composer; his works include the opera 'The Midsummer Marriage', the oratorio 'A Child of Our Time', 'Symphony in B flat major, 1945', etc.

HERBERT AGAR (page 138): American journalist and author of *Abraham Lincoln*, *The United States*, *Pursuit of Happiness*, etc.

MICHAEL OVENDEN (page 141): Lecturer in Astronomy, Glasgow University.

J. B. BUTTERWORTH (page 144): Lecturer in Law, Oxford University, and Dean and Precentor, New College.

MEYER SCHAPIRO (page 146): Professor of Fine Arts and Archaeology, Columbia University.

Crossword No. 1,343.

Bicentennial.

By Fecit

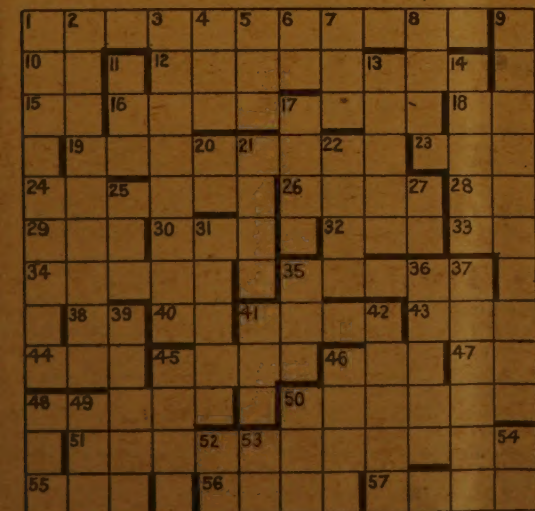
Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, February 2. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

CLUES

(A. = across; B. = back; D. = down; U. = up)

Born two hundred years 49, Mozart was named 16 by his father, but himself used the form



Amadeus. When 34 six he appeared in a performance of 1D. + 28B. Hungariae Rex, and was soon known to his compatriots as a 41D. + 44 + 56!

13U. after 13U. was covered with specimens of his by no means 43 + 48U. + 10 + 28B. 5, 38 (as he would have put it), songs for the tenor 48A., an 8U. concerto for Ferlendi, a canon which presents the singer Peyerl as an 32B. and several horn concertos clearly destined for 39. There is, however, no record of a work composed specifically for the 4.

The librettist 1A. exploited Mozart's talent as a composer of operas, among which 22 35D. 36D., 27 35A. 51, 27 35A. 19, 3, 44 9 + 12 and the unfinished '23 del Cairo' deserve special notice. 'Die Entführung' contains a striking character in 33 + 50D. A certain Count 41 + 11U., who commissioned a Requiem and passed it off as his own, was a bad 'un and should have been sent to the 42U.

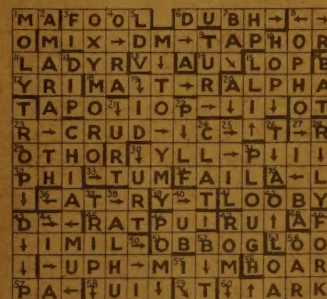
In his last illness, Mozart suffered slight 50 derangement, (Spenser would hardly have classed him as 55), and refused to 53 + 6 or even to take 40 in 20U., suspecting poison. Surely an enemy would have been 25 of him sooner by using the 53 + 52? After his death, his 47 + 54 2 became Frau Nissen.

The 45U. + 30 and 17 symphonies and more than one 46A. of variations will always be remembered, but it is doubtful whether the 33B. + 15B. 'Komm, lieber, 29' would '46D.' the modern teenager, who would also find lack of 'swing' in a slow movement taking its name from the verb 37. Per-

haps, however, Wolfgang's own performance would even to-day earn him an 14U. It was left to later composers to bid us 18B. + 52 the 21, to describe the afternoon of a 45, or in the case of 31U. 'le Soir'.

20 (a literary coda). It is possible that Mozart visited the lake-side town of 24 during his tours of northern Italy. The interested reader should consult 26: 'Mozartbriefe' and 57 + 7U.: 'Mozart auf der Reise nach Prag'.

Solution of No. 1,341



NOTES

The unclued lights are all tropes.

Across: 3. Sonnet LVII (Shakespeare). 8. 'Macbeth' (Apostrophe). 14. 'M. of Venice'. 18. 'Intimations of Immortality' (Simile). 33. Gray's 'Elegy'. 35. 'J. Caesar' (Pun). 36. Mr. Drone (Leacock) (Mixed Metaphor). 39. 'Life with you Lambs' (Wordsworth). 57. 'Charity' (Cowper). 60. 'Hunting of the Snark' (Syllepsis). Down: 1. 'Wind in the Willows'. 2. 'Lotos-eaters'. 4. 'Jacobite's Epitaph' (Macaulay). 7. 'Paradise Lost' (Oxymoron). 8. 'Tragedy of S.' (Thomson) (Chiasmus). 19. (Euphemism). 26. 'Trial by Jury'. 37. 'Pied Piper'. 42. Balin and Balan (Tennyson). 44. 'Egyptian Maid' (Wordsworth) (anag.). 47. (Metonymy).

Prizewinners: 1st prize: T. Seath (Richmond); 2nd prize: Miss P. Coleman (London, W.5); 3rd prize: G. Page (Staines)

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